TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Minister of Education could not possibly have filled the new chair of English in the University of Toronto with a better man than William John Alexander, B.A. of the University of London, Doctor of Philosophy of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Though he is only thirty-four years old, for nearly twenty years he has been devoting himself to the study of literature, and probably there is no available man better equipped either at home or abroad. That he is a native of this province adds to our pride in him. His youth, enthusiasm and culture, together with his magnificent acquirements and ability as a teacher made him so pre-eminent amongst the applicants that Mr. Ross could not have done otherwise than he did. We can congratulate ourselves that this new professor will be the centre of a literary movement much needed in our university and city, and I thoroughly believe that his work will excite enthusiasm and research to which the study of English in our schools has been a stranger.

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Speaking of the appointment of Dr. Alexander suggests a few thoughts about the application of Mr. William Houston. Mr. Houston at least has the merit of being a persistent applicant. He did not get to be parliamentary librarian without asking for it and very little has passed his way since without a manifestation on his part of a willingness to take it in. He was not unwilling to become professor of political economy, but in spite of considerable exertion he remained where he was. Then the creation of a chair of English in the University offered him another opportunity for his powers of application and he put in a good many days' work trying to get the job. The large pamphlet he issued proved him to be possessed of a great many friends; nearly every public school inspector recommended him for the position. Probably Mr. Ross, who is intimately acquainted with the average school inspector, thought they were not quite capable of judging as to who was best fitted for the position. The county inspectors, as a rule, are hard-working men, but what they are unaware of in the realm of English literature would fill more books than Mr. Houston has in charge in the legislative library. Now that Mr. Houston has demonstrated that he believes that he can teach political economy and English literature he can utilize his references next time there is a vacancy in the Agricultural College where I believe he would make a first-class professor of scientific farming and the cause of hollow horn in sheep.

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Mr. Houston, I am informed, is no great favorite with the Minister of Education, nor in fact with a good many of the old fashioned Grits. A good story is told of his nerve. When Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was thinking of leaving Lambton and accepting the nomination of the Reformers in East York, Mr. Houston wrote him a letter strongly advising him to stay in Lambton, and protesting that his advice was given entirely out of love for the party and consideration of its leader. As Boss Edgar was pretty well known to be behind Mr. Houston, these asseverations of disinterestedness didn't go down very readily, as will be seen from what I am credibly informed is an extract from the Hon. Alexander's reply, running something like this: "I am glad to hear you say that you are entirely disinterested in offering the advice, because had it not been so stated in your letter I should not otherwise have thought so." What sarcasm!

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It is refreshing to see gentlemen from the concession lines and cross-roads of York in convention assembled discussing Imperial Federation and Henry George's theories of taxation. On questions which they do not understand they present a solid phalanx which is delightful for its unity, and exceedingly useful as a method of preventing any one of the county statesmen from discovering by means of discussion the sounding depths of what his neighbor does not know. They may differ on toll gates and the location of five dollar culverts but on questions of imperial polity and political economy they have their minds made up. If the Anti-Poverty Society want to teach these gentlemen anything they should get some of the primary principles of their sect printed on a large sheet of strong paper, place within this paper a sandwich and a bun, and they will have their literature preserved until lunch-time anyway and might have some chance, at least, of being able to insert as much information into the county councillors as would naturally be absorbed by the bun while shrouded in the paper. Still it is worth trying as buns don't come high.

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It has at last been decided that Jarvis street is to have $129,180 worth of paving and sidewalk. I am led to believe that the gentlemen who have engineered this scheme through the Board of Works, feel confident that the proposed improvements will make Jarvis street so expensive that the smaller class of houses will disappear. It will be a good thing for the street, but a little tough on those who are not prepared to expend almost as much per annum for local improvement taxes as they can afford to pay for rent. It will serve those right who have maintained unsightly buildings on this handsome street with the idea of profiting by their neighbors' progressiveness, but the old-fashioned folks who own old-fashioned houses and have small incomes may just as well pack their valises and move on, as the improvements will come so high that people will have to sit up nights to get the worth of them.

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About the funniest thing that happened this week, was the proposal of the newly founded and already foundered Evangelical Alliance to make the Hon. Oliver Mowat the king-pin of their organization. Why didn't they nominate Sir Peter Ryan or Hon. Adam Armstrong? True, these gentlemen are not quite so high up as Mr. Mowat, but they have more time to spare, and are said to be not unwilling to hold office and anything else that is suspected of having a pull in connection with it. Or if the Alliance thought the offices are roosting too thickly around the Grit camp, what is the matter with our friend Bob Birmingham? He is an organizer and a hustler from the most remote township away back. He is also opposed to Rome, accustomed to wage war on brass money and wooden shoes, and is singularly well qualified for any position of organic trust. If a politician is to be put at the head of a thing of this sort, give us an active one, and we will look into the near future with roseate confidence for the results. At any rate I must protest against the spirit manifested by the clergy who showed such a violent antipathy to giving some of the speakers a chance to explain themselves. They exhibited just such a spirit of intolerance as is supposed to be characteristic of the priests of the church against which they are so anxious to wage war. We have found almost invariably that bodies organized for a religio-politico work are least dangerous when presided over by a clergyman. The meetings then are filled with rhetorical music and the minute books are bristling sonorous resolutions but nothing will be done which is apt to cause disturbance of politics or anything. The gentleman who wanted a politician at the head of the movement knew this and meant business, and the way he was squelched has had an exceedingly dampening influence on the spirits of those who had hoped to make the Alliance a political power.

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Mr. Phelps, United States Minister at the Court of St. James, when leaving was treated with the public distinguished consideration by some of the most notable politicians and noblemen of London. Though he left in a diplomatic huff because the British embassy at Washington was in charge of a one horse secretary he seems to have managed his difficult position with a great deal of tact, resenting the slight to the United States on the one hand and letting himself down easy with the other. If he had wanted to popularize himself with the United States he should have engaged a London mob to chase him on board ship, and when he got home he could have had any office in the gift of his admiring countrymen. Minister Lowell, who preceded him, sank into an untimely political grave, because he was too friendly with the "harristocracy" and didn't let the talons of the American eagle sink into the quivering flesh of the effete monarchy as the truly patriotic Americans thought he should. Lord Coleridge, who presided at the Century Club dinner given as a send-off to Mr. Phelps, said that no minister had ever left England amid "so much universal and mingled regret." The farewell was certainly a very different one to that accorded Lord Sackville-West who was only given a surprise party and his passports. English gentlemen have proved themselves at least above inflicting personal indignities on a man who deserved better treatment, though it seems from this distance that they have been a little over-kind under the circumstances. Perhaps, however, that is the way they have adopted of getting even with Mr. Phelps, understanding that he will be hated because of the friends he had made.

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Boulanger, not six months ago, was the laughing stock of France; now he is practically its dictator. This couldn't happen outside of France, but it is encouraging to know that even ridicule won't kill a man. As a rule it will knock a public man out quicker than slander or evil doing. I would rather face a constituency after having been indicted by a jury than after having made a laughing stock of myself.

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The public measures which apprise us that the Dominion Parliament is about to sit consist mainly of eight divorce suits, which have been prepared for consideration of the Senate.

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The Cardwell election trial has developed some very peculiar methods. There are rumors which suggest crookedness in high places, and we are treated to the spectacle of a petitioner's lawyer apparently withdrawing his case for other ends than those of justice and purity, and ostensibly without the approval of Stubbs, the defeated. No doubt the lawyer is acting up to his instructions, but the conundrum is, Whose retainer is he holding and for whom is he acting? Surely the Reform party—they of purity and publicity—is not involved in the "settlement" of a suit against the wicked Tories.

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Colter has got there this time, and the eloquent Doctor stays at home until there is another recount. Alas, poor Haldimand, Job with his boils was in luck as compared with you.

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Hanlan has left Australia for home—and oblivion. Hanlan was, O'Connor is, and Hanlan is no more.

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I imagine that Ald. Fleming was quite within bounds when he suggested that all city contracts to be hereafter carried out under the direction of the Committee of Works should stipulate that the contractor be not permitted to engage any laborer to work at less than fifteen cents per hour. While we are paying our officials handsomely and not going on the principle of grinding the face of employes engaged on public business, I see nothing absurd in Ald. Fleming asking that common labor should be dealt reasonably with. Fifteen cents an hour means a dollar and a half a day, and what man who has instincts above the most untutored and simple-minded peasant can exist in Toronto on less than nine dollars a week, particularly when, during a portion of the year he must expect to be idle. We don't accept the responsibility of being our brother's keeper nor engaging to provide luxury or leisure for the laborer when we fix his wages at so reasonable a sum. The denunciation of Ald. Carlyle, of St. Andrew's, and the sneers he indulged in at Ald. Fleming's expense were uncalled for, and Ald. Fleming was justified in characterizing them as "low and unworthy of an alderman." It has been urged that laborers when paid reasonably spend most of it in drink. With as much expegience amongst the working classes as other people, I can testify that this is untrue. Such assertions betoken the spirit evinced by the man who gave a beggar five cents and told him "not to go and make a beast of himself." I never see these poor fellows working in the bottom of a sewer or toiling with spade and pick, and see their stooped forms and weary faces as they go homeward, without thanking heaven that I was given smartness enough to live on my fellow man without having to pound my living out of the cold and frozen earth. Any stipulation as to wages leaves the employer a right to select the best men he can get for the money. This will doubtless leave the infirm and old out of work, but they would be unemployed at any rate if the contractor could get able-bodied men in their place. Under our present system of managing repairs and certain public works, there might be a branch of employment for the old and partially crippled who can do certain kinds of light work almost as well as stronger men, and it would be a worthy attempt to relieve the laborers' declining years from abject poverty and the privation from which they now suffer. It would not be necessary to pay them full wages; and they could be admitted to the service by a certificate of good character and steady habits. It is really a pity that our social organization seems to have nothing in it but competition amongst those who are strong enough to compete and the poor-house for those who have fallen in the fight or are hobbling down the hill of life. Just a little exhibition of the Christian spirit would not make us any poorer, my noble masters!

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I suppose something ought to be said about the Samoan difficulty. It is getting to be about as old as the John H. Samoan difficulty, and I confess I know less about it. With the rest of the world, however, I am watching with interest whether Yankeedom will be as fierce and sudden in their attack on Germany as they were on Hayti. In the present crisis they feel it to be their first duty to look at the matter "dispassionately and with the dignity becoming a great nation." It will be remarked that when they were fighting a lot of "naked niggers"—as an English statesman once said with regard to an African campaign—they found it pleasant and profitable to do the grand act and threaten the president of the dusky republic with being snatched bald-headed before fire could scorch a feather if he didn't weaken. From all I can learn, I am inclined to believe that the United States are in the right and that Bismarck's projects in the South Seas are of a piece with his ambitious policy in Europe.

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The *Contemporary Review* has an interesting article on the Bismarck dynasty, which takes the Iron Chancellor by the back of the neck and shakes up his system in a way which he will no doubt despise. Fortunately for the *Review* it is not published in Germany, and can have its little say without a detachment of troops climbing upstairs and enquiring for the editor, kicking the type around the room, stealing the office towel, and taking liberties which are permitted in no well-regulated office outside of an absolute monarchy. The writer, who probably lives too near Germany to parade his name, recites a number of startling incidents in the career of Count Herbert Bismark, who seems to be even a trifle coarser and more despotic than his pa. In this country a politician who had as many brawls and intrigues as Herbert has had, and who makes exits from visits to female friends by hewing his way with his sword through her friends and relations, would become very unpopular, even in a Manitoban constituency. The *Review* writer calculates that Bismark sr., is bringing up his boy to succeed him in business as boss of Europe, and recent developments will hardly lead us to congratulate Europe on the prospect. Count Herbert and Emperor Billy Blowanhollerin will make a nice team when they start jogging around together after the old man has retired to his reward. If they don't put red paint on Europe, it will be funny. Calculating all the chances, these two hopefuls are likely to raise pale blue blazes in their vicinity before ear-ache kills the one and stomach-ache the other.

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In connection with the suicide of Michael Larkin, I note that not one of the newspapers has referred to "the lot of the policeman as a not entirely happy one." Those of us who encounter these gentlemen every day, and observe nothing but the tall fur cap and imposing circumference of chest, have not hitherto suspected that some of them at least, while patrolling the streets are dreaming dreams and feeling just as sentimental as the most romantic wayfarer. Poor Larkin, every one must feel sorry for him! When one comes to think of it, who has more chance for meditation than the lonely policeman on his midnight beat? If he be a dreamer and is thinking of bright eyes and lips that once whispered love he has ample opportunity for self-communion, and if his thoughts are unhappy, of being woefully despondent.

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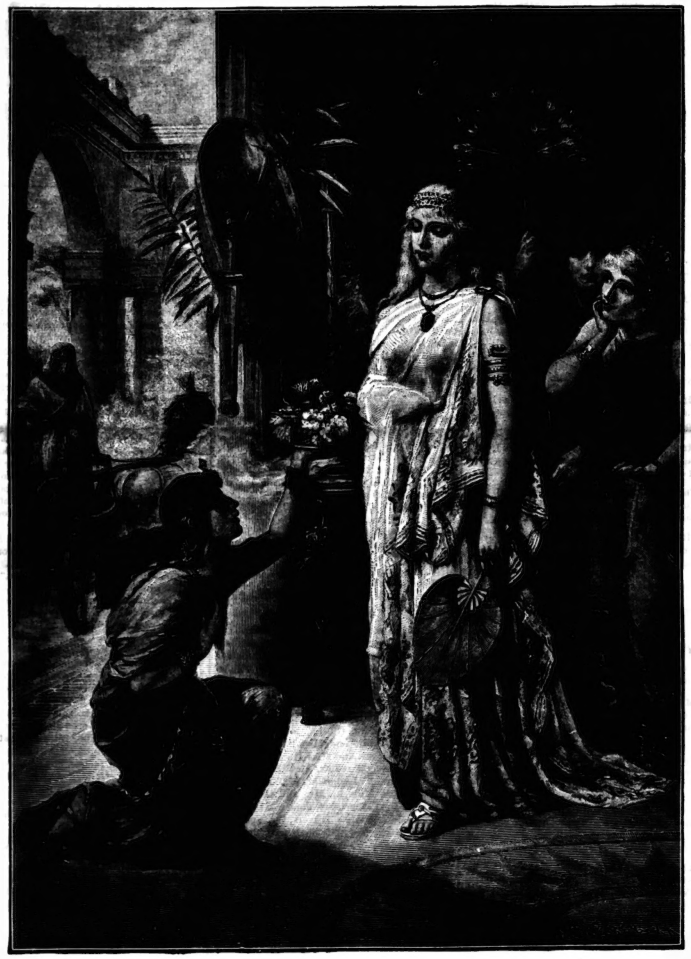
There is an old saying that "little men are conceited and big ones soft," and the strapping biz fellow who would not have been afraid to



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS.

chase a burglar or fight with a "ward" tough was as a little child with the woman he loved as he wandered about under the stars and thought of the farm house in Adjala and the fair girl he adored; and when the dream was taken away from him he didn't want to live any more. Strange, isn't it, how a dream of this sort becomes a part of man's life and so fills his being that when it is gone the sun shines no more. As I write I try to think if I ever had it that bad, and am of the opinion that I didn't. I have seen successive photographs fade out of the album of my memory without the slightest disposition to chum with the Stygian boatman. I am sure of one thing at least, that long before I was twenty-eight any disposition to take a gun and probe for my alleged brains because some fair one was false, had been completely eliminated. There are few men who would kill themselves for a woman, or even take chances of getting killed. But some men have a queer philosophy, and even those who have no philosophy at all become so warped by the conventional prejudices, which it is considered respectable to hold, that they imagine in the presence of some crisis that they should do something desperate. Some people think the world is coming, and ought to come, to an end, because they have lost their best girl or have been beaten in a horse trade. There is neither money nor comfort in hysterics; the country is crowded with girls, and it is a poor horse that can't be traded off, and a cold day when a customer can't be found who knows as little about a horse as you do.

If you should ask a dozen married men of average habit of thought—they are supposed to have sense—what they would do if they discovered their wife in an act of infidelity, all of them would probably say they would kill the man, and half of them would probably add they would kill the woman. Now, what absurd philosophy, to say nothing of the wickedness of it. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord, and it is a mighty good thing to wait for Him to do it. Why should I, because someone else has sinned load upon my self a still greater offence against society and my own happiness? Yet, in some natures, revenge, blindness of passion, humiliation and dishonor seem to blot out every hopeful thing that the good Lord has put in this earth to make it endurable! In a burst of passion, or a choking, drowning sensation, as if one were sinking into the very depths of the slough of despondency, the undisciplined mind seems to give way. Because one thing has failed or one person has proved false, the untutored intellect gets the idea that the whole earth has caved in and that the sky has fallen in ruins on top of it. Why, bless us! I have seen young men and young women whose hearts were broken plumb in two, and were ready to commit suicide or murder, feel so well the week afterwards that you would not imagine they had suffered from anything worse than a corn or a toothache. Poor Larkin! a jolly, whole-souled fellow, beloved by his comrades; he would have made a devoted husband, and perhaps, had he married, he would have been disillusionized by degrees, until he would have forgotten to say "Good morning, dear," before he demanded whether his dinner was ready when he came in off his beat. It is wonderful how age withers and time destroys these blind passions in the dizziness of which people kill themselves, or somebody else. We look for too much; we demand too much; we expect more affection and fidelity than we are prepared to give in return. When we find out how worthless we are ourselves we somehow fail to realize how much less we should expect from others. When our souls are torn up by the roots because somebody has been faithless, we never sit down to calculate just how much infidelity we have been guilty of ourselves, or how much we could stand without being rendered entirely too unhappy to live. This is a great big world, full of people, most of whom are just about as good as we are, and I can't see any earthly reason why a man should get discouraged and be afraid to take his chances with the rest. DON.

Society.

The dance given by Miss Beardmore and Mr. George Beardmore at Chudleigh on Thursday, January 24, was a small one, but on that account none the less enjoyable. Miss Beardmore's guests were sufficient to fill the house without overflowing it, and to this fact no less than to the excellence of all the arrangements and preparations must be ascribed the undoubted success of the affair. For once a hostess had been found bold enough to sweep away what has now become an anomaly and a nuisance at a small dance. I sincerely hope that the success which attended her reform, and the almost unanimous approval which her guest, gave it, will cause many hostesses in the future to follow the lead given them in dispensing with programmes and at the same time in preventing their being made up by a refusal to display any numbers whatever for the various dances. At a public ball or even at a large private ball a programme or card for engagements is perhaps a necessity. The compulsory and continual reference to such a card, with the repeatedly enforced breaking off of a pleasant talk or possibly of an interesting flirtation, at a particular moment, is a drawback to their pleasure which all of *le monde qui danse* know well. A programme is a nuisance from the first, when one has to spend ten minutes or a quarter of an hour laboriously filling it up; it is a nuisance throughout the evening when it compels one continually to pass time in searching or being sought for, and, lastly, it is a dreadful nuisance, nay, almost, I may say, a nightmare, when one goes home and a perusal of it tells one of certain engagements that one has failed to keep, and which involve explanations, apologies, fictions—long, weary and unsatisfactory in the future. Provided that a hostess has secured plenty of men, that most of her guests know each other well, and that they are not too many in number, I am convinced that, although conservatism may incline them to resist this innovation, they will afterwards in nine cases out of ten be forced to admit that their pleasure has been increased thereby. I am told that the reform has been long since adopted in England, and that the popularity there is proved by the fact that nowadays, except at the largest balls, a programme is hardly ever met with. The social importance of my subject has led me far from the entertainment under notice, but before giving a few names I might record the perfection of Miss Beardmore's dancing floor, and the excellent playing of Corlett's Band, though a hint that several critics declared he was taking his waltzes a very little too slow, may be of service to the latter. Chudleigh is a house of many rooms, and as there can be but few of them that were not in some way or other made use of, there was no end of cosy retiring places where sitters-out were well situated.

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Some of the guests were Mr. Fitzgibbon, the Misses Beaty, Miss McCarthy, Miss Helen Boulton, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Bain, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Miss Louise Burton, Miss Robinson, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Hodgins, Miss Dawson, Miss Michie, Mr. George Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Goldinrham, Mrs. Spragg, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Williams R. E., Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Jones, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Amy Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Eudie Hugel, Mr. Sidney Small.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morton of Chicago are paying a visit in Toronto.

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Mr. George Cathcart of York, England, who is doing the grand tour in the reverse of the more ordinary way, arrived in town last week, having come from Japan by the Canadian Pacific boat and railway. Mr. Cathcart left this week for England, via Montreal and Halifax.

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Mr. Fox, an elder brother of a gentleman well known in Toronto society, is staying at Tintagel, McCaul street. Mr. Fox has recently come out from England and has been spending a few weeks in Western Ontario, where he thinks of purchasing a farm.

Miss Beardmore left home last Saturday *en route* for Bermuda, where she will spend the rest of the winter. The departure of this lady for a lengthy absence, is not the least of the many heavy blows which have fallen on society since the summer months. The fact that her recent charming dance is still fresh in people's minds makes more poignant their regrets.

Colonel and Miss Dawson left for Ottawa last Saturday, to pay a visit to General and Lady Middleton.

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Other temporary exit to the capital are Mrs. Thomas Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, who went there on Monday for a few weeks' stay.

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Still another exit, but not to Ottawa, is Mr. Reginald Thomas the Parisian.

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Mr. Thomas Bell of Boston, who has lately been conspicuous at what galeties Toronto has furnished, has returned to the States.

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Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, England, and Miss Burton returned from Hamilton at the end of last week.

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The Wanderers' Snowshoe Club will hold their second annual ball at the Permanent Exhibition on the evening of February 22.

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Miss Hannaford of Winchester street gave a dance last evening, which was enjoyed to the fullest extent of the word.

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The annual conversazione of the Trinity College and Literary Institute comes off on the evening of Thursday, February 21.

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Col. and Mrs. Sweny give a large ball on February 13 for young people principally.

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Cards are out for Mrs. G. A. Sweney's At Home, which comes off on February 8.

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Mrs. John Strachan of Trinity College gives an At Home after the lecture on Friday, February 8.

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I hear that in the preparations for the Kermiss in aid of the Infants' Home, they think of introducing some new dances with some of the old ones they had last time. Among them will be the Lawn Tennis dance, Hungarian dance, Swedish Wedding dance, Gypsy dance, Italian dance. I hope they will not omit the Russian, as the dancing and the costumes were exceedingly good.

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The oratorio of Samson was rehearsed for the first time last Tuesday night with the orchestra in Victoria Hall. It will be performed in less than three weeks from date, and, judging from the way the choruses were rendered, it will no doubt be a great success. I have not heard who is to take the soprano and contralto parts. Mr. Winch of Boston takes the tenor, and I think Mr. Warrington the bass. During the evening the conductor, Mr. Torrington, spoke of the music hall to be built for Toronto. He said that some time ago when he proposed the scheme of erecting a new hall he sent some hundreds of circulars to the prominent, wealthy and supposedly musical people of Toronto, asking their aid to bring about a plan for a hall, and out of the hundreds that were asked not one sent any reply or acknowledgment. He said that he asked the large body of people who were before him to write some time ago to the papers, and not one of them did so. It was only since the performance of the Messiah that an old gentleman attending that concert, who is very seldom present at such affairs, was so delighted that he proposed to erect a music hall capable of seating four thousand people. The hall is not to be built for making money, but is to be so constructed that the poorest person can go to any concert or oratorio, no matter who the artists might be, for twenty-five cents. The hall would be let for just what the expenses might be for lighting, heating, etc.; and if this scheme is carried out we will have to thank Mr. Torrington.

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Miss Minnie Badgerow of Avenue road gives afternoon tea to her young friends this afternoon.

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Mrs. Elmes Henderson of Oakleigh, St. Joseph street, gave on Thursday, January 24, her annual At Home, which was largely attended.

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The Misses Scott of Beverley street gave a delightful dance on Monday last.

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Mr. Ed Heward of the Quebec Cavalry is visiting his mother, Mrs. Frank Heward of Beverley street.

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Mrs. O'Reilly of Sherbourne street issued nearly one hundred invitations for an At Home on Tuesday, January 29. Judging from the crowd, all must have accepted.

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Mrs. Broughall, wife of Rev. Mr. Broughall of St. Stephen's, gave an At Home on Thursday last.

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Mr. Thompson, the young artist, left for New York on Friday morning, where he intends remaining about four months.

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The carnival at the Granite Rink on Wednesday night was largely attended, but was far less attractive and enjoyable than the two previous ones. It is evident that fancy carnivals are going out. The little folks patronized the affair on Wednesday night and seemed to have a jolly time.

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The Kermiss to be held in the Pavilion during Easter week in aid of the Infants' Home promises to be even more attractive than the Kermiss held two years ago; the many novelties then presented being still fresh in the public mind.

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The amalgamation of the Toronto and the Royal Canadian Yacht Clubs was consummated last Saturday night. A. R. Boswell was unanimously elected commodore of the new club; Mr. McGaw, vice-commodore; and Mr. Hume Blake, captain. Mr. S. Bruce Harman was elected hon. secretary by a good majority. A managing committee of ten was elected, five from each club. The Toronto Club's favorites were Douglas Armour, F. B. Polson, L. O. Percival, T. W. Morse and W. S. Jackson, while those of the Royal Canadian were C. C. Dalton, Beverley Jones, Dr. J. Leslie, C. E. Ryerson and R. F. Stupart. The new commodores took their official chairs amid the cheers of the members. Pleasant little speeches were delivered by them, Captain Blake and Secretary Harman.

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Mrs. Stephen Heward's ball came off last Wednesday night, and was one of the great successes of the season. Mrs. Heward was assisted by her daughter, Miss Mabel and Miss Williams of England. The elite of Toronto society were there. The floors, recently remodelled, were in splendid shape. Refreshments were served during the evening up-stairs and on the ground floor as well, and the grand supper room was thrown open about 12 p.m. The dancing was kept up until an early hour on Thursday. Great alterations have been made in the old house, and a very sensible thing I noticed was the reception of guests at the rear entrance which avoided the usual crush of those arriving and those going to the ball room. Corlett's band played excellently and the numerous dances grew into extras and extra extras. Among those whom I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Heward, Miss Heward, Mrs. Fitzgibbons, Mr. G. Heward, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Gussie Robinson, Miss Strachan, Miss Dawson, Miss Gertrude Jones, Miss B. Jones, Miss Bessie Grantham, the Misses Laratt Smith, Miss Burritt, Miss Ince, the Misses Todd, Miss Campbell, Miss Meredith, the Misses Osler, Miss F. Small, the Misses Wragge, the Misses Boulton, Miss Burton, Miss McLean, Miss McDonald, Miss Bethune, Miss Merritt, the Misses Morton, Miss McCarthy, Messrs. Fox, Ince, G. and J. A. Heward, Roberts, Thomas, Boulton, Jones, and Cronyn, Miss Mabel Blake, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Clarkson Jones.

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One of the most successful "At Homes" of the season was that given by Mrs. Maule last Saturday afternoon, when over three hundred were present, among whom were the following: Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. W. Milligan, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. and Miss Thacker, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mr. and the Misses Burton, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Alf. Cameron, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin, Mr. and Miss Burritt, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. and the Misses Meredith, Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Grant Macdonald, Mr. Alf. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and the Misses Langtry, Rev. Septimus Jones, Mr. D. S. Symons, Mr. and Miss Travers, Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Mrs., Mr. and the Misses Chewett, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss S. C. Wood, Dr. Nattress, Mr. C. Walker, J. Cameron, Dr. Scadding, Mr. Beaumont, T. D. Molson, Dr. Acheson, H. Jarvis, H. W. Fillen, W. Asherton Smith, S. G. Wickham, C. Holcroft, C. Barker, the Misses Scott, Mrs. Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Badgerow, Mr. G. Badgerow, Messrs. Thomsom, the Misses Paterson, Messrs. Craig, Pringle, A. McLean, J. Russell, the Misses Cassels, Misses Hague, Dr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mr. and the Misses Strathy, Mrs. Reasor, Mrs. Leigh, Mr. Archie and the Misses Macdonell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Davison, Mrs. and the Misses Dalton, Mr. S. Beecher Clarke, Mr. E. Morton, Mrs. Sims, Mr. Chanler, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. Scholfield, Mr. Masten, Mr. R. M. Thomson, Mr. Fenton, Dr. and Mrs. Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder.

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On Tuesday, January 29, a dinner party was given at Martineau House, Avenue road, by Crown Attorney Badgerow and Mrs. Badgerow. Following are the guests: Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie, Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Judge McDougall and Mrs. McDougall, Miss Orde, Dr. McFarlane and Mrs. McFarlane, Principal Dickson, and Mrs. Dickson, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Mr. G. A. Badgerow, Dr. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, Dr. J. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, Deputy Attorney-General E. F. B. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston.

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"The Noisy Boys" (Island campers) will have a re-union in the parlors of Shaftesbury Hall on Friday evening. Dancing at 8.30, to the tunes of Nepolitano's orchestra.

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Miss Mable Blake made her *debut* on Wednesday evening at Mrs. Stephen Howard's, wearing the traditional white, with roses as ornaments. She looked exceedingly pretty, and will be remembered as one of the most charming "buds" of the season. She was chaperoned by her mother, who is one of the most charming and dignified women in Toronto.

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Zetland Lodge gave its sixth annual At Home on Monday evening last and was, as it usually is, the Masonic social event of the season. The scrutiny exercised by the invitation committee in the selection of their guests has always made the At Home a success and has tended to popularize the lodge. The home of the royal craft was tastefully decorated, and the perfect arrangements for the enjoyment of the guests reflected credit on W. Bro. Taylor and his committee. Among the invited guests were Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, M. W. Bro. R. T. Walker of Kingston, R. W. Bro. John Ross Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Mayor Clarke and Mrs. Clarke, R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone and Mrs. Malone, R. W. Bro. Thos. Sargant and Mrs. Sargant, R. W. Bro. J. C. Hegler of Ingersoll and Mrs. Hegler. At nine o'clock the members of the lodge assembled in the chapter room and formed a procession. D. G. M. Robertson, in a neat speech, extended a welcome and dancing was commenced.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," was inscribed on the programme and the spirit of the quotation appeared to be fully entered into. A large number of guests were present, among whom were noticed W. Bro. H. A. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, W. Bro. C. A. B. Brown and Mrs. Brown, W. Bro. J. Fletcher and Miss Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Shepley, County Attorney McFadyen and Mrs. McFadyen of Brampton, Miss Hay of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bond of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Macklem, Mr. Frank B. and Miss Polson, Miss Cameron of Harrisburg, Pa., Mr. S. J. and Miss Bull, Miss Kirkpatrick of Chippawa, Miss Bunton of Burlington, Major and Mrs. Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. and Misses Gray, Miss Bickle, Mr. G. M. Rose, jr., Mr. G. B. Smith, M.P.P., and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, Mr. F. J. and Miss Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Miss Macklem of Chippawa, Miss Hatch of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, Mrs. W. T. and Miss Donaldson, Capt. and Mrs. Furnival, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Macabe, Mr. C. J. Hohl, Mr. E. A. Badenach, Mr. E. J. B. and Miss Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson and the Misses Hendersons, the Misses Jacobi, Mr. Eddis, Mr. J. S. Garvin, Mr. C. B. Lounder, Miss Hope, Dr. Peaker, Dr. J. L. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Macpherson, Miss Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Greene of Berlin, the Misses Pattison of Fergus, Mr. C. A. Masters, Mr. Geo. A. Kappelle, Mr. J. E. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Miss Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman E. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cornell, Mr. F. C. Gray, Mr. W. E. Fletcher, Mr. Thos. Gibbard, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. G. Maclean Rose, Mr. W. A. Bradshaw, Mr. F. W. Flett, Miss Marion Bunton of Burlington, Mr. Wm. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mrs. Charles Beacon, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clarke and Miss Christie, Miss Brumell, Mr. C. J. Townsend, Mr. H. W. Barrett, Mr. John F. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vigeon, Mr. Alex. Reid, Mr. Hugh J. Craig, Mr. W. C. Wilkinson and Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Fred. G. Inwood, Dr. Miller of Brampton, Mr. Fred. G. Cox.

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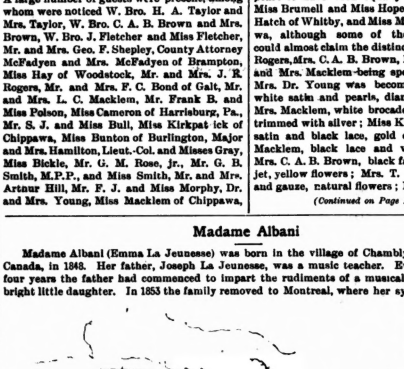
The number of guests was estimated at 250, and with so much youth and beauty it was difficult to determine who enjoyed the honor of being considered the "belle." The honor appears to have been equally divided between Miss Brumell and Miss Hope of this city, Miss Hatch of Whitby, and Miss Macklem of Chippawa, although some of the married ladies could almost claim the distinction, Mrs. Jas. E. Rogers, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. E. T. Malone and Mrs. Macklem being specially noticeable. Mrs. Dr. Young was becomingly attired in white satin and pearls, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Macklem, white brocade and mauve silk trimmed with silver; Miss Kirkpatrick, yellow satin and black lace, gold ornaments; Miss Macklem, black lace and white trimmings; Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, black faille Francais and jet, yellow flowers; Mrs. T. Malone, pink silk and gauze, natural flowers; Mrs. J. E. Rogers,

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Madame Albani

Madame Albani (Emma La Jeunesse) was born in the village of Chambly, near Montreal, Canada, in 1848. Her father, Joseph La Jeunesse, was a music teacher. Even at the age of four years the father had commenced to impart the rudiments of a musical education to his bright little daughter. In 1853 the family removed to Montreal, where her systematic musical training began. After she had acquired a fair degree of skill, her father put her talent to practical use, by giving concerts in the villages near Montreal. These concerts were for the purpose of raising money to complete his daughter's musical education. Finding no encouragement could be obtained for a struggling artiste in Canada, and his daughter budding into womanhood, M. La Jeunesse left Canada and settled in Albany, N. Y., where her genius soon found recognition and support. The Bishop of Albany appointed her organist and soprano of St. Joseph's Church in that city, which was crowded every Sunday to hear the wonderful young singer. After a few years' residence in Albany, M. La Jeunesse was at last able to take his daughter to Europe, where she was placed under the celebrated master, Lamperti of Milan, Italy. After several years of study with him, Emma Albani made her *debut* at Messina as Amina, in Somnambula. Her success was instantaneous, and from that day to this her career has been an unbroken series of triumphs. Madame Albani's voice is a rich soprano, commanding a compass of two octaves, extending up to E flat. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Gye, and is as much respected a woman as an artist. Madame Albani returns to her native land after an absence of seven years, and sings in the Pavilion, Toronto, on Monday, February 11, under the management of Mr. O. B. Sheppard.



Sketched for Saturday Night.

HER BIRTH PLACE—CHAMBLY, QUE.

Rev. Father Henning.

Canon Knox-Little's preaching had put me in a proper frame of mind to hear an old-fashioned Roman Catholic sermon, and at this moment came an invitation from a friend to go with him and hear the Superior of the Redemptorists preach in St. Patricks' Church. Last Sunday morning found us seated near the Rev. Father Henning's pulpit, surprised to see the large church crowded everywhere by those who delight to hear the favorite preacher. Rev. Father Henning has been here about four years, and his popularity is not confined to St. Patrick's parish. He is known all over Canada, and recognized as one of the leading Catholic preachers in the Dominion. Rev. Father Kenny, the Jesuit orator, is more flowery in his style—a sketch of him has appeared in these columns—and it probably lies between these two as to the first place as Roman Catholic preachers in English speaking Canada. The church in Toronto is not rich in oratorical ability, and all parishes alike take a pride in Father Henning. He is so attractive and withal logical and exceedingly plain, that I imagine our Catholic brethren like to have us Protestants hear him preach.

When I saw him at the pulpit I almost thought it was my old friend "Pica" Kribs of the *Empire*. He has the same light, curly hair, frank face and pleasant eyes. Father Henning told me, in a moment's chat I had with him after the service, that he is forty-nine years old and an American by birth, having German as well as Irish and English blood in his veins. In manner he is the ideal priest: pleasant, withal dignified and unapproachable; though I imagine amongst his friends he unbends and is a charming companion.

At the end of the announcements he had read from his pulpit, he spoke of a day being set apart for blessing candles for those who wished them blest, and informed his audience that the church did not bless all sorts of candles, but one kind only. They did not bless tallow candles, sperm, or paraffine, or any other wax candles except those made out of beeswax. It quite interested me to hear the length of time he devoted to thoroughly explaining this, not the reason, but the fact. He proved that his first aim was to make himself understood; he did not propose anyone should leave that church without knowing exactly what kind of candles he must bring if he wanted them blest. In order to make it still plainer he told them that a brother would be in the sacristy who would provide for those who desired to purchase the proper beeswax candles.

He read the first dozen verses of the eighth chapter of St. Matthew, but found his text in the first four, where Christ cleansseth the leper. I give the text in both the Protestant and Catholic versions, the difference as will be seen is immaterial:

DOUAY (ROMAN CATHOLIC).	KING JAMES' VERSION.
Matt. viii.—1. And when he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him;	*Matt.* viii.—1. When he was come down from the mountain great multitudes followed him;
2. And behold a leper came and adored him, saying: Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.	2. And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.
3. And Jesus stretching forth his hand, touched him, saying: I will; be thou made clean. And forthwith his leprosy was cleansed.	3. And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. *And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.*
4. And Jesus saith to him: See thou tell no man, but go, shew thyself to the priest and offer the gifts which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them.	4. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded *for a testimony unto them.*

Father Henning began by explaining the fearful nature of leprosy. Those who were attacked by it were driven, under the old Jewish law, out of the city, and away from contact with their fellows. At first little spots appeared on the body, and then the flesh became rotten and would fall off, and those who were driven out were forced to cry, "Beware," when they saw people approaching, that no one might come nigh them. Sin, said the preacher, is to the soul what leprosy is to the body. It corrupts it and makes it necessary that the sinner be cut off from contact with those who are in moral and spiritual health. As the man who has the leprosy is driven out, away from his family, from his rights as a citizen, from all that he has, so the man who is a sinner must be separated from all that is good, and driven out of the presence of his God, and if he die in mortal sin he is forever separated from his God.

Leprosy is contagious, so is sin. The words or deeds of the sinner do not affect him alone. They injure others. The drunkard not only injures himself, but by his example degrades his family and everyone who sees him. The man who curses, not only sins against God but he injures those who hear him, insomuch as he destroys the reverence they should feel for their Maker and His holy name.

Leprosy, like sin, is incurable, save by miracle, after it reaches a certain point. I may be wrong, but I thought he overlooked a fact in order to make the analogy complete. I always thought that, from its very inception, leprosy is incurable, for that matter perhaps sin is the same.

Christ was willing to cure the leper; so He is willing to forgive the sinner.

His discourse led up to the point that Christ refuses to do anything directly that he can accomplish through an agency. This was built on the fact that Jesus said unto the leper, "See thou tell no man, but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded." People who want their sins forgiven sometimes say, "Can't Jesus forgive us our sins directly without the intervention of anyone?" "Of course," said Father Henning, "He could make the wheat grow without the plough, make it blossom without the dew, make it ripen without the sun, but He doesn't see fit to do it. He could forgive sins without the priest, but He doesn't see fit to do it." In the instance set forth in the text Jesus told the leper, "show thyself to the priest." Why? Because God in all ages had ordained a priesthood and recognized them. When a man in those days was suspected of having leprosy he had to show himself to the priest, who, if he decided that it was the dread disease, banished him. If at any time the man imagined himself to be getting better he went again to the priest and showed himself, and if the priest decided that he was cured he would so proclaim him. In cases of moral sin the people are commanded to show themselves to the priest in confession. Why? That one who knew the symptoms of spiritual disease should pronounce upon it; that the priest should absolve them from their sin. Christ had in His message to His apostles given them power to forgive sins, telling them that the sins they forgave on earth should be forgiven in heaven, and the sins they retained on earth should be retained in heaven. The priesthood of the Church are the successors of the apostles, and they have the power to forgive sins, not on account of their own merits but because of the merits of Jesus Christ. "Even if the priest be known to you to be himself in mortal sin you need not fear to go to him, for his absolution while he retains his office and jurisdiction is as binding as if he personally had not been in mortal sin," he explained.

In doctrinal matters, of course, if we accept Father Henning's premises, we must accept his conclusion, but I do not understand the analogy to go as far as the preacher made it go. The reading of the narrative in King James' version of St. Matthew declares in the third verse, and it is the same in the Douay bible, when Jesus put forth his hand and touched him saying, "I will, be thou clean," that "immediately (or forthwith) his leprosy was cleansed." Now if the cleansing took place before he went to the priest, I thinks it destroys Father Henning's argument and leaves the fourth verse, where Jesus saith unto him, "See thou tell no man but go thy way, show thyself to the priest and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them," as the precaution that Christ took, that by fulfilling the law the leper's fellow-citizens should receive him as a cleansed man. This was important as the priests were opposed to Christ and it was for Him to establish the miracle out of the mouths of his enemies. Remember, going to the priest made no difference in the cleansing, because he was cleansed already, but it was necessary in order to fulfil the law that he might be restored to his civic rights and proper place in the community. Now, in the case of the restoration of the blind man who had clay put upon his eyes and was told to wash them in the pool of Siloam (John ix., 7), and in the example of Naaman who had to bathe seven times in the Jordan before he could be cured of his leprosy, the cure was not affected until the faith of the patient had been tested and he had done the acts prescribed for him. In the incident under consideration the cleansing was absolute before the question of the priest was introduced, as is declared, "and immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

The purpose of this article, however, is not to discuss theology. Of course the strength of the sermon was in directing the sinner to the confessional; that all those who listened should go and show themselves to the priest and receive absolution. Some people contend, explained the preacher, that confession should be in public, before the church, but the text showed otherwise. Jesus said unto him, "See thou tell no man." Do not go and tell this to every Tom, Dick and Harry, but privately show thyself to the priest. So it was with the confessional, they need tell no man, telling it to the priest was enough, and when it is done truthfully, penitently, and with a resolve to forsake the sin, he absolves you and sin is rolled away from you and you're as pure as you were after your baptism. And this can be done again and again, and after each confession and absolution you will be as pure as at the moment of your baptism."

What joy the leper must have felt when he found himself clean, when he thought that he would be restored to his family and again mingle with the community. Yet it is not to be compared with the joy that a man feels when the load of guilt is rolled away from his soul and he feels that he is again admitted to the presence of his God and that his soul is clean and pure.

Throughout, the sermon, spoken in clear distinct tones, was brought down to the capacity of a child. Everyone in that large audience listened with the most rapt attention, and I was not surprised to hear that his parishioners intend to provide him with a larger church.

The Redemptorists are, if I might be permitted to use a word which is hardly applicable, the revivalists of the Catholic Church. They make the vow of poverty and cannot own the value of a single cent. They do not own the coat upon their back. If one of them were journeying from here to New York he would have to ask his superior's permission and for money to make the journey. When he arrived in New York he would have to report himself to his superior there, and give an account of every cent he had received, how he had spent it, and return the balance to his superior. I understand that one of them cannot even leave the building without asking permission of his superior. I believe it is their rule also to rise at four o'clock in the morning for an hour of meditation, and the life of self-denial and earnest endeavor which they lead, is certainly in singular contrast to the comparative ease and affluence of many of our Protestant clergy. When I speak of them as the revivalists of the Roman Catholic Church I would not convey the idea that they are at all sensational in their methods. Plain and earnest preaching of the Gospel and tenets of their church are what they rely upon. They have no abiding place, and are sent from place to place as the superior of the order sees fit. The order in Toronto at St. Patrick's monastery on McCaul street numbers seven, four priests and three lay brothers. Father Henning is their superior; good works their record. DON.

The Boy Who Says "We."

Don't laugh at the boy who magnifies his place. You may see him coming from the postoffice with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as if they were his own. He feels important and he looks it. But he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. One of the Lawrences of Boston once said: "I would not give much for the boy who does not say 'we' before he has been with us a fortnight." The boy who says "we" indentifies himself with the concern. Its interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in his work and hopes some time to say "we" in earnest. The boy will reap what he sows if he keeps his grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the fair thing by him; check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big for his place: counsel him as to his habits and associates and occasionally show a pleasant prospect of advancement. A little praise does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says "we."

The Concert and the Opera.

At the grand Italian or English opera the only proper dress is the full dress suit. In London, England, no man is admitted to the floor or boxes of the opera houses if he is not in full evening dress, and while there is no such regulation in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, the custom prevails almost as universally as in London. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. If a gentleman joins a regular theater party, either in a private box or in orchestra seats, he should wear full evening dress, and in fact at all times full dress is admissible at the theater in the evening; but its absence is of course excusable when a gentleman has accepted an informal invitation to dinner and goes dressed in afternoon costume and afterwards invites his friends or is invited to the theater informally. Light clothes are especially common and objectionable at the theater, and indeed in some European theaters no gentleman is admitted in the boxes or stalls save in full evening dress. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable west end tailor, has received a number of orders for full dress suits, to be worn at the Albani concert, which will no doubt be this season's most fashionable event.

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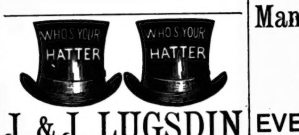

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BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me."

The sunshine of the summer morning after she had been frightened, streaming in through mullioned windows that looked due south, raised Juanita's spirits, and dispersed her fears. It was impossible to feel depressed under such a sky. She had been wakeful for a considerable part of the night, brooding upon that ghostly footstep which had sent such a sudden chill to her warm young heart, but that broad clear light of morning brought common sense.

"I daresay it was only some love sick house-maid, roaming about after all the others had gone to bed, in order to have a quiet think about her sweetheart, and what he said to her last Sunday as they went home from church. I know how I used to walk about with no company but my thoughts of you, Godfrey, and how sweet it used to be to go over all your dearest words—over and over again—and no doubt the heart of a house-maid is worked by just the same machinery that set mine going—and her thoughts would follow the same track."

"That is what we are taught to believe, dearest, in this enlightened age."

"Why should it be an age at most?" pursued Juanita, leaning back in her bamboo chair, and lazily enjoying the summer morning, somewhat languid after a sleepless night.

They were breakfasting at the western end of the terrace, with an awning over their heads and a couple of footmen traveling to and from the house in attendance upon them, and keeping respectfully out of earshot between whiles. The table was heaped with roses, and the waxen chalices of a great magnolia on the lower level showed above the marble balustrade, and shed an almost overpowering perfume on the warm air.

"Why should a ghost come now?" she asked, harping upon her morbid fancies. "There has never been a hint of a ghost in the years that father and mother have lived here. Why should one come now, unless—

"Unless what, love?"

"Unless one of the Strangways died last night—at the very moment when we heard the footfall—died in some distant land, perhaps, and with his last dying thought visited the place of his birth. One has heard of such things."

"One has heard of a great many strange things. The human imagination is very inventive.

"Ah, you are a sceptic, I know. I don't think I actually believe in ghosts, but I am afraid of being forced to believe in them. Oh, Godfrey, if it were meant for a warning," she cried, with sudden terror in the large dark eyes.

"What kind of warning?"

"A presage of misfortune—sickness—death. I have read so many stories of such warnings.

"My dearest love, you have read too much rubbish in that line. Your mind is full of morbid fancies. If the morning were not too warm, I should say put on your hat and come us go for a long ride. I am afraid this sauntering life of ours is too depressing for you."

"Depressing—to be with you all day! Oh, Godfrey, you must be tired of me if you can suggest such a thing.

"But, my Nita, when I see you giving yourself up to gloomy speculations about ghosts and omens."

"Oh, that means nothing. When one has a very precious treasure one must needs be full of fears. Look at misers, how nervous they are about their hidden gold. And my treasure is more to me than all the gold of Ophir—infinitely precious."

She sprang up from her low chair, and leaned over the back of his to kiss the broad brow which was lifted up to meet those clinging lips.

"Oh, my love, my love, I never knew what fear meant till I knew the fear of parting from you," she replied.

"Put on your habit, Nita. We will go for a ride in spite of the sun. Or what do you say to driving to Dorchester, and storming your cousins for a lunch? I want to talk to Dalbrook about Skinner's bill of dilapidations."

Her mood changed in an instant.

"That would be capital fun," she cried. "I wonder if it is a breach of etiquette to lunch with one's cousins during one's honeymoon?"

"A fig for etiquette, Mrs. Thomas, order the phaeton for half-past eleven."

"What a happy idea," said Juanita, "a long, long drive with you, and then the joy of seeing how you get on with my strong minded cousins. They pretend to despise everything that other girls care for, don't you know—go in for literature, science, politics, everything intellectual, in short—and I have seen them sit and nurse Darwin or Buckle for a whole evening, while they have talked of gowns and bonnets and other girls' flirtations."

"Then they are not such Roman maidens as they affect to be."

"Far from it. They will take the pattern of my frock with their eyes before I have been in the room ten minutes. Just watch them."

"I will; if I can take my eyes off you."

Juanita ran away to change her white peignoir for a walking dress, and reappeared in half an hour radiant and perfect in her drive.

"How do you like my frock?" she asked, posing herself in front of her husband, and challenging admiration.

The frock was old gold Indian silk, soft and dull, made with an exquisite simplicity of long flowing draperies, above a kilted petticoat, which just showed the neat little tan shoes, and a glimpse of tan silk stocking. The bodice fitted the tall supple figure like a glove; the sleeves were loose and short, and tied cordwise at the elbow with a broad satin ribbon, and the long suede gloves matched the gown to the nicest shade. Her hat was Gainsborough enough to shade her eyes from the sun, high enough to add to her importance, and caught up on one side with a bunch of dull yellow barley and a few cornflowers, whose vivid blue was repeated in a cluster of the same flowers embroidered on one side of the bodice. Her large sunshade was of the same silk as her gown, and that was also embroidered with cornflowers, a stray blossom flung here and there with artistic carelessness.

"My love, you look as if you had stepped out of a fashion book."

"I suppose I am too smart," said Juanita, with an impatient sigh; "and yet my coloring is very subdued. There is only that touch of blue in the corn-flowers—just the one high light in the picture. That is the one dress worth a country life. Everything really pretty seems too smart for dusty roads and green lanes. One must be content to be dowdy and obscure way in a tailor gown or a cotton frock all the year round. Now this would be perfection for a Wednesday in Hyde Park, wouldn't it?"

"Darling, it is charming. Why should you not be prettily dressed under this blue summer sky? You can sport your tailor gowns in winter. You are not a whit too smart for me, Nita. You are only too lovely. Bring your dust cloak, and you may defy the perils of the road."

Celestine, Lady Carmichael's French-Swiss maid, was in attendance with the dust cloak, an ample wrap of pale ecru silk and lace, cloud-like, indescribable. This muffled the pretty gown from top to toe, and Nita took her seat in the phaeton, and prepared for a longer drive and a longer talk than they had had yesterday.

She was pleased at the idea of showing off her handsome young husband and her new frock to those advanced young ladies, who had affected a kind of superiority on the ground of what she called "heavy reading," and what they called advanced views. Janet and Sophia had accepted Lady Cheriton's invitations with inward protest, and in their apprehension of being patronized had somewhat inclined to give themselves airs, taking pains to impress upon their cousin that she was as empty headed as she was beautiful, and that they inhabited an intellectual plane from which she had no ambition ladder. She had put up with such small snubbings in the sweetest way, knowing all the time that as the Honorable Juanita Dalbrook, of Cheriton Chase, and one of the debutantes whose praises had been sung in all the society papers, she inhabited a social plane as far beyond their reach as their intellectual plane might be above hers.

"I don't suppose we shall see Theodore," said Juanita, as the pair bowled merrily along the level road. The greys were getting a rest after yesterday's work, and these were Lady Cheriton's famous harcuche horses, to whom the phaeton seemed as a toy. "He must have gone to Heidelberg before now."

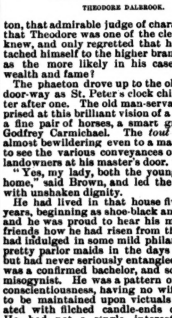
"He must be fond of Heidelberg to be running off there when it is so jolly at home."

"He was there for a year, you know, before he went to Cambridge, and he is always going back there or to the Hartz for his holidays. I sometimes tell him he is half a German."

She rather hoped that Theodore was in Germany by this time; yet she had assured herself in her own mind that there could be no pain to him in their meeting. She knew that he had loved her—from the moment, indeed, after a year's absence in America, when he had not known, or had chosen to forget, the state of affairs between her and Godfrey, he had told her of his love, and had asked her to give him hope. It was before her engagement, but she was not the less frank in confessing her attachment to Godfrey. "I can never care for anyone else," she said; "I have loved him all my life."

All her life! Yes, that was Theodore's irreparable loss. While he, the working man, had been grinding out his days in the treadmill round of a country solicitor's office, the young Hibernian had been as free as the butterflies in Juanita's rose garden; free to woo her all day long, free to share her most trifling pleasures and sympathize with her lightest pains. What chance had the junior partner in Dalbrook & Son against Sir Godfrey Carmichael of Starham Priory?

Theodore had managed his life so well after that one bitter rebuff that Juanita had a right to suppose that his wound had healed, and that the pain of that hour had been forgotten. She was sincerely attached to him, as a kinsman, and respected him more than any other young man of her acquaintance. Had not Lord Cheriton



THEODORE DALBROOK.

ton, that admirable judge of character, declared that Theodore was one of the clever people who know, and only regretted that he had not attached himself to the higher branch of the law, as the more likely in his case to result in wealth and fame?

The phaeton drove up to the old Hanoverian door-way as St. Peter's clock chimed the quarter after one. The footman seemed looked surprised at this brilliant vision of a beautiful girl, a fine pair of horses, a smart groom, and Sir Godfrey Carmichael. The *tout ensemble* was almost bewildering, even to a footman accustomed to see the various conveyances of neighboring landowners at his master's door.

"Yes, my lady, both the young ladies are at home," said Brown, and led the way upstairs with unshaken dignity.

He had lived in that house five and thirty years, beginning as shoe-black and errand boy, and he was proud to hear his master tell his friends how he had risen from the ranks. He had lifted his mind to some mild philanderings with pretty parlor maids in the days of his youth, but had never seriously entangled himself, and was confirmed bachelor, and somewhat of a misogynist. He was a pattern of honesty and conscientiousness, having no wife and family to be maintained out of victuals and illumination with filched candle-ends or stolen oil. He had not a single interest outside his master's house, hardly so much as a thought; and the glory and honor of "the family" were his honor and glory. So as he ushered Lady Carmichael and her husband to the drawing-room he meditating upon what additions to the luncheon he could suggest to cook which might render that meal worthy of such distinguished guests.

Sophia was seated by one of the windows painting an orchid in a tall Venetian vase. It was a weakness with these clever girls to think they could improve Nature. They were content with Darwin and the new learning, but they painted indifferently in oils and in water colors, played on musical instruments, sang in three languages, and fancied themselves invincible at lawn tennis.

The orchid was top-heavy, and had been pinned to a piece of cardboard in a very fine manner but had been very trying to the artist's temper, and irritating to Janet, who was grappling with a volume of Johann Muller, in the original, and losing herself in a labyrinth of words beginning with *ver* and ending with *heit*.

They both started up from occupations of which both were tired, and welcomed their visitors with a show of genuine pleasure; for they had been in a state of mind approached in their resistance to anything like patronage on Juanita's part when she was Miss Dalbrook only, and were glad that she should be prompt to recognize the claims of kindred now that she was Lady Carmichael.

"How good of you to come," exclaimed Janet, "I didn't think you would remember us at such a time."

"Did you think I must forget old friends because I am happy?" said Juanita. "But I mustn't take credit for other people's virtues. It was Godfrey who proposed driving over to see you."

"I wanted to show you what a nice couple we make," said Sir Godfrey gaily, drawing his bride closer to him, as they stood side by side, tall and straight, and glowing with youth and gladness in the middle of the grave old drawing-room. "You young ladies were not my cousinly as your brother Theodore. You didn't drive to Cheriton to welcome us home."

"If Theo had told us that he was going to do we should have been very glad to be there too," replied Sophy, "but he rode off in the morning without saying a word to anybody."

"He is in Germany this time, I suppose?" said Juanita.

"He is downstairs in the office. His portmanteau has been packed for a week, I believe," explained Janet, "but there is always some fresh business to prevent his starting. My father relies upon him more every day."

"Dear, good Theodore, he is quite the cleverest man I know," said Juanita, without the slightest trace of disparaging her husband, whom she considered perfection. "I think he must be very much like my father was at his age."

"People who are in a position to know tell us that he is exactly what his own father was at that age," said Janet, resenting this attempt to trace the brother's gifts to a more distant source. "I don't see why one need go further. My father would not have been trusted as he has been for the last twenty years if he were a simpleton; and Galton observes—

The door opened at this moment and Theodore came in.

He greeted his cousin and his cousin's husband with unaffected friendliness.

"It is against my principles to take luncheon," he said laughingly, as he gave Juanita his hand, "but this is a red-letter day. My father is waiting for us in the dining-room."

They all went down stairs together, Theodore leading the way with his cousin, talking gaily as they went down the wide oak staircase, between sober panelled walls of darkest brown. The front part of the ground floor was given up to offices, and the dining-room was built out at the back, a large bright-looking room with a bay window opening on to a square town garden, a garden of about half an acre, surrounded with high walls, above which showed the tree tops in one of the leafy walks that skirt the town, and an irregular mass of roofs, with a steeple here and there. It was very different to that Italian garden at Cheriton where the peacocks strutted slowly between long rows of obelisk-shaped cypresses, where the Italian statues showed white in every angle of the dense evergreen wall, and where the fountain rose and fell with a silvery cadence in the still summer atmosphere. Here there was only a square lawn just big enough for a tennis court, and a broad border of hardy flowers, with one special portion at the end of the garden, where Sophia experimented in cross fertilization after the manner of Darwin, seeming for ever upon the threshold of valuable discoveries.

Mr. Dalbrook was a fine looking man of some unaccertained age between fifty and sixty. He boasted that he was Lord Cheriton's junior by a year or two, although they had both come to a time of life when a year or two more or less could matter very little.

He was very fond of Juanita, and he welcomed her with especial cordiality on this new character as a bride. He kissed her, and then held her away from him for a minute, with a kindly scrutiny.

"Lady Carmichael surpasses Miss Dalbrook," he said, smiling at the girl's radiant face. "I suppose now you are going to be the leading personage in our little city. We quiet townspeople will be continually hearing of you, and there will not be a local paper without a notice of your doings. Anyhow I am glad you don't forget old friends."

He placed her beside him at the large oval table, on which the handsomest plate and the oldest cheny had been collected in honor of which testified to Brown's devotion. Mr. Dalbrook was one of those sensible people who never seem to keep or engage a bad thing or a bad servant, and his cook was one of the best in Dorchester; so the luncheon, albeit plain and unpretentious, was a meal at which no man need feel ashamed, and the addition which had been made to the menu since the phaeton drove up to the door were not of a kind to betray their hasty concoction.

Juanita was fond of her uncle, as she called this distant cousin of hers, to distinguish him from the other Dalbrooks, and she was pleased to be sitting by him, and hearing all the news of the country town and the county people who were his clients, and in many cases his friends. It may be that his cousinship with Lord Cheriton had gone as far as his professional acumen to elevate him in the esteem of town and county, and that some people who would hardly have invited the country solicitor for his own sake, sent their cards as a matter of course to the law lord's cousin. But there were others who esteemed the provincial solicitor for his own sterling qualities, and who even liked him better than the somewhat severe and self assertive Baron Cheriton.

While Juanita talked confidently to her kinsman, and while Sir Godfrey discussed the latest theory of the day with his young cousin, and Sophia, Theodore sat at the bottom of the table, silent and thoughtful, watching the lovely animated face with its look of radiant happiness, and telling himself that the woman he loved was as far apart from him sitting there, within reach of his touch, within the sound of his lowest whisper, as if she had been in another world. He had borne himself bravely on her wedding day, had assisted at her happy smile, and clasped her hand with the steady grip of friendship; but that effort made there had been a sense of relief in gratitude, and he had thought of her ever since as a man thinks of that supreme possession which once had been his, and which is miser thinks of his stolen gold—or the ambitious man of his blighted name.

Yes, he had loved her with all the strength of his heart and mind, and he knew that he could never again love with the same full measure. He was too wise a man, and too experienced in life, to tell himself that for him time could have no healing power—that no other woman could ever be dear to him; but he told himself that another love had to unto this was impossible, and that the future could bring him would be some pale faint copy of this radiant picture.

"I suppose it's only one man in fifty who marries his first love," he thought, and then he looked at Godfrey Carmichael and thought that to him over much had been given. He was a fine young fellow, clever, unassuming, with a frank good face; a man who was liked by men as well as by women; but what had he done to deserve the prize of such a wife? He could only answer the question in the words of Figaro, "He had taken the trouble to be born."

That one thoughtful guest made no difference in the gaiety of the luncheon table. Matthew Dalbrook had plenty to say to his beautiful cousin, and had all the experiences of the last season to talk about, while once having started upon Sir William Thomson and the ultimate extinction of the sun's heat, the sisters were not likely to stop.

(To be Continued.)

Both Sides.

HERS.

He asked for my rose—
She was flirting, I think,
And no one else knows
That he asked for my rose;
Not my cheek warmer glows,
Like the petal's deep pink.
He asked for my rose—
Yes, he loves me, I think.

HIS.

I asked for her rose—
She was flirting, I think.
I don't mean to propose
Since I asked for her rose;
But girls always suppose
That we're just on the brink.
When I asked for her rose
She was flirting, I think.

Is Celibacy a Success?

The gray matter of innumerable scething brains has been fraying in wrestling with the question, Is marriage a failure? but I have been able to keep my cerebrum intact, as I have never been married. There are hundreds of other pilgrims, who, like me, have never sipped the sweets of the matrimonial cup, and to us the question, Is celibacy a success? should be of the most importance.

Viewed from a man's standpoint, I claim that celibacy is a success. Man is naturally a roving animal; he gets tired of town and likes to pack up his trunk and his him away to some other town that is having a boom, where he can revel in new sensations and new lots. If he has a wife he can't go; one reason is that he has not money enough; another is that his wife doesn't want to go anywhere.

If a man is single he is invited to all the balls and parties because they want him; if he is married he is only invited because the hostess intends getting up a charity subscription and striking him for a contribution. If a man is single he always sees the woman he loves with her best clothes on (unless the married father had to pay for), her hair frizzed, her handkerchief perfumed and a gracious smile on her pretty face, and he can fill all him her hero and her idol, and make him think he amounts to something. A married man sees the woman he loves in a faded wrapper, her hair in curl papers or spread over the back of a chair, the expression on her face sour enough to kill flies, and she calls him, "Say, you!"

A single man can deal with the vexatious thorns that grow along the rocky road to the subsequently, can he him way and can look through the light of his love's eyes, and talk foolish about the sweet fragrance of love that hovers over his life like a benediction, and have his girl pillow her fair young head on his manly bosom and kiss him with a long, lingering, soulful kiss that makes him think life is worth living. A married man, wearied with the toils and troubles of the day, can go home, find that the hired girl has left, that supper is not ready, that the house is full of smoke and the children all crying, and have his wife tell him that if he married her to do his cooking he has been barking up the wrong tree.

If a single man's sweetheart begins to lose the fresh bloom of youth and look frayed at the edges, he can buy a new one Prince Albert and a Rhinestone diamond and hustle around for a new girl; when a married man's wife begins to look skinny and wrinkled and wear a back-number look, he can only kick himself and wish that he had hedged when he was young by marrying for money.

A woman looks sweet to a bachelor because he don't know she wears pads and false curls and has feet as cold as the welcome accorded to a poor relation.

Pretty women by the score may smile upon a married man, but he must not smile in return or he will be "churched," and have a big divorce suit on his hands if his wife gets on to it.

A single man may follow the vagaries of his wanton fancy, hug the pretty blondes, dally with the ruby lips of the piquant brunette, "sip sweets from every blushing rose," and before he feels the sting of the worm that is hid within the petals he can fold up his white wings and get a new girl.

Celibacy is a success because when the fare don't suit you, you can change your boarding-house; because you don't need to get up cold mornings to build the fire; because you can turn accordingly to tell the boys and not be lectured in the morning; because you don't have to pay milliner's bills; because you don't have to wear corsets and lace boots; because with a croupy baby; because you can be alone with a woman five minutes and not create a scandal; because you will have no sons who will turn out badly and disgrace you; because you will have no daughter who will elope with a horse doctor after you have nearly bankrupted yourself in educating her; because you will have no mother-in-law to make life a burden for you; because you can do as you dash please and it is nobody's blanked business.

But when this troubled dream of life is o'er, aye, there's the rub! The unmarried man, who has spent his golden days of his life to pander only to his own selfishness, has no loving hands to smooth his pillow and caress his aching brow when the last dread summons comes, and he goes down to an unmarked grave, unwept, unhonored and unsung. When a married man dies, the last spadeful of alluvium is scarcely thrown on his wooden overcoat before his heirs fall to fighting over his will, and before a year his relict marries a variety actor and doubles up to do a song and dance turn.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

No London Tricks for Her.

Some time ago an elderly married couple, who had spent the greater part of their lives in a village in Derbyshire, made up their minds to take a journey to London. They received plenty of advice from their neighbors about how they were to take care of themselves, and they seemed to be carried away with the idea that they would be cheated on no little occasions, and be generally imposed upon.

To save expense they decided to go by one of the cheap trips that started from a neighboring town. They went through without a hitch until the train reached Bedford, at which place it stopped a few minutes. The old man, thinking he had plenty of time, went to the refreshment bar to get a glass of beer, and was so flustered by the crowd that he did the very thing he was most afraid of—got left behind.

An express train, however, in a few minutes, the station master kindly allowed him to go by it, and he was thus enabled to reach London twenty minutes before his wife. He was eagerly on the lookout when the train arrived, and, seeing his wife, he rushed up to her, shouting:

"Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see ye agean, I thought we wor parted forever."

Betty looked at him indignantly, and, remembering the advice of her country neighbors, said:

"Away wi' ye, man. Don't be comin' yer Lunnun tricks on me. I'm a married man an' a t'other station. If yer doan't be off at once I'll call a bobby and has yer locked up."

What They Agreed to Give Up.

A poor woman had lost her husband, and was left with three little children to look upon. A neighboring family, named Brown, in which there were several children, felt much sympathy with the bereaved woman. All the little Browns were very sorry when they heard their mother's tale of the widow's woe.

"How can we help?" said Janie, the eldest. "We've got money all."

Mrs. Brown smiled, and said: "No, you have no money; but, if you would like to give up some of your pleasures you can earn some."

"How, mother?"

"You might give up having sugar in your tea, for one thing."

"But it's so nasty without, mother."

"Well, perhaps you can think of something else. All of you go into the garden for half an hour, and consider what you can fix upon."

Off went Janie and Harry and Sibyl and wee Johnnie hand in hand, and walked solemnly round the garden for half an hour. When the clock struck they ran in again helter-skelter.

"Well?" said the mother.

Janie spoke: "We've thought of everything all round, mother, and, if you please, we should like to give up our lessons!"

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who, in a melancholy fancy, sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

LOVE FOR WHO SUFFERS, London.—Would you please inform me what to do or act to win back a gentleman's company, and the respects of the people. This is how I lost all—I might as well tell you—I am pretty and stylish and I like lots of fun, so I go with another pretty lady and we never go a place without one so other, so we flirted and went with every nice gentleman we met till we came across two very nice ones, but they were gamblers and nobody could go with them so we went with them just to make the boys angry. When the people started to talk about my friend and I saying everything about us as what we would scorn to do, the thing has got so bad that not even the ladies but the gentlemen will have nothing to do with us, they speak to us when we meet them and they say would not do otherwise. I was keeping company with a gentleman traveler when all this happened. He kept telling me not to go with them but I was too proud to give in to anyone's wishes so I only laughed at him, and telling him they were nice gentlemen—or were once and that they never does or said an ungentlemanly act all the time they were with us (which was true). So one evening the traveler and I left my papa's house to go for a walk, he was very nice and kind, and when he left me he said he would be in London such a day and would come to see me. He was the only gentleman I would allow to call at the house as my folks were not aware of my actions. The day came but he did not and he was in the city. I waited for him to come the next week and he did not, so I wrote to him and asked him to come but still he was not there. The day after I met him and he walked to the car with me and he was very friendly, he told me he would be up the next day but still he did not keep his promise and I wrote to him and asked him why he avoided me, he did not answer. I met him about a month after on the street and he stopped me, asking me where I was going. I said to the bazaar, he told me he was going to Perth that evening and told me he would be back on Monday and would go up to the bazaar, but when I went up that evening he came up also and he told me he missed the train, he came home with me, I was very cool to him. I did not mention anything about the letter or meeting till I was leaving in and he told me the letter I wrote him was pretty hard as I also told him he could drop my acquaintance if he wished. He told me he did not try to avoid me but places he had visited they said things about me and that when he got my letters it was too late to meet me. I have met him twice since and he has stopped to talk and was very nice. I forgot to tell you that we have give up those two gamblers to see if that will stop the people's talk. I know this letter is hard on you but I want advice as much as to do me so. Will you please tell me what to do in your column. Nancy, but bear in mind I have done nothing but go with the boys, I am innocent of what I am accused of. Answering me you will oblige a reader of your paper. Please tell me what you think of my writing. A.—You writing is very fair, though hardly what would be called a lady's hand, would do very well in business. Your grammar and spelling, though fair, are by no means perfect, and your punctuation, bad. You are suffering from the results of keeping bad company, and you may as well know that after a girl has become notorious as the associate of another and profligate man, though it may seem hard to you that she thought was an innocent flirtation, recovering lost ground is not a matter of weeks or months, but at least a year of good behavior, in which she must have been more circumspect in her conduct than she ever was before. When your lover hears that you are careful of yourself and acting above suspicion, if he is really in love with you he will come back. If not, it will not be difficult to win the love of some good man if you deserve it.

UNDERTAIN, Toronto.—1. At the governor's reception I noticed that in some cases the gentleman went forward to be presented first and in other the lady was presented first the gentleman following. Which is correct? 2. Should a lady when calling leave one of her own and one of her husband's cards or only one card with Mr. and Mrs. address and day on it? 3. What is the correct form of an introduction when introducing a young gentleman and lady of the same social position? A.—1. Lady should be first unless confusion would result or she is very much the senior. 2. Most modern. 3. The proper form of introduction is to present the gentleman to the lady, the young to the older, the inferior to the superior. In introducing one to the lady you say, "Miss A, allow me to introduce you to Mr. D, Mr. D, Miss A." It is the duty of Mr. D. to bow and say, "It gives me great pleasure, etc.," but the exact words of an introduction are immaterial so long as the proper form and order are observed. It is the duty of the person does not distinctly hear the name of the other, he or she may say before bowing, "I beg your pardon, I did not catch the name," when it may be repeated.

THEATER, City.—Is it impolite or a breach of etiquette for gentlemen to hold opera glasses, the use of his opera glasses at the theater? Give a general opinion of such an offer and its acceptance. A.—Everything depends on the circumstances, and the manner in which the offer. If the lady can see very well without glasses and the proffer is evidently a desire to make a mash, such an offer is an insult. If, when offering a lady with whom you are not acquainted the use of your opera glass, you do it with strictly formal politeness, she can take it as a courtesy intended kindness, but after she returns them it would be rude to offer them again. If she desires them she is at liberty to make the request.

SUBSCRIBER, Picton.—Prof. Greenwood, Toronto, sells a preparation for bleaching the hair. Correspond with him. Strong soda water will lighten the color of one's hair, but dries it. There is no preparation but what more or less injures the quality of the hair, and a woman is very foolish to try to make herself conspicuous as a blonde.

MADELAINE.—Is an invitation of ten days to an At Home expected to be answered when the card does not request it? A.—It is more rude to answer a communication from a person who has a right to address you. It is only courtesy to answer such an invitation when plenty of notice is given.

R. N. S. F., Port Hope.—1. Your penmanship is very good and with practice would become a good business hand. 2. Fancy pennies are not in demand except in commercial colleges. 3. What you need is practice in an office or warehouse. Your penmanship will not stand in your road.

NEM, Toronto.—Sealing a letter with wax is regarded as affectation unless it is done by those who acquired the habit before gummed envelopes came in vogue. It is the style of the school.

SPECULATOR, St. Catharines.—M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. 2. It is as good as anything of the kind. 3 People are much less apt to damage out of such things.

MIDDLEMISS, Ont.—1. M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. 2. Isaac Pitman's. Yes, it can be learned at home; it will require long, continued practice.

E. D., Winnipeg.—Apply for a patent in Canada to the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, to the Patent Office, Washington.

CONSTANT READER, Toronto.—I know of no means of getting rid of tatooing.

An Excellent Retort.

An only child, a little boy of six years, feeling dull in the house, and naturally curious for the companionship of children of his own age, one day said to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, do let me go out into the street and play! There are thousands and thousands of boys there to have games with—do, please, let me go, mamma!"

His mother rebuked him, saying that there could not possibly be thousands of boys in that small village, and that it was very wrong to use such exaggerated expressions. The urchin gravely returned:

"But, mamma, I heard you tell Aunt Mary the other day that my new boots were miles too large for me!"

When the widow brought empty vessels to Elisha, the oil was poured into them. Bring God the broken vessels of a contrite heart, and He will pour in the oil of mercy.

On Sevenmile Beach.

The lighthouse people were snugly within doors, but a traveler was afoot on Sevenmile Beach. Our native word, tramp, indicates his aspect and appointments. He was of middle age, gaunt, pale, rough-bearded, and ragged of attire, with a general air of being kicked out of the premises and chased by watch dogs. His furtive bearing, even in that lonely place, suggested the suspicion and hostility of honest citizens. He was of those who, for one cause or another, have fallen out of the march of civilization; the garbage pail for larder, the rubbish heap for wardrobe, a shed for bedchamber—these were all that were left to him of human aspiration and ambition. Once, perhaps, he was a man of gentle breeding, liberal education, and sanguine hopes; but circumstance and himself made a tramp of him.

The beach is a long, narrow strip of sand and pebbles, connecting the lighthouse promontory with the main. Its western margin is washed by the waters of Driftwood Sound; its eastern by the Atlantic. A club house and a few cottages, clustered near the lighthouse, accommodate adventurous visitors during the summer season, which ends in October. It was now late in November, and with the exception of the keeper and his family there was no living soul within a dozen miles of the lonely pedestrian.

Before he had attained the central portion of Sevenmile Beach the sun touched the horizon of Driftwood Sound. It seemed to flatten and waver, and small, red waves of it were scattered over the roughened surface of the gray water. Draperies and shreds of vapor lifted in crimson pinnacles, and dragged in golden trails. Between were spaces of pure heaven, aerial, green and opalescent. Low down in the glory the evening star swam like a molten diamond. A ruddy reflection touched the solid shingle of the mounded beach. A pair of fish-hawks, the last of their tribe, passed on dark and silent pinions across the glow of the sky, heading south.

A north-east wind sent the ocean waves tumbling in slanting ranks against the eastern shore. The spectacle on that side was dark, stern and wintry. But probably the tramp thought less of the symbols of life, death and eternity that environed him than of his own sore feet and aching legs. As the sun sank, the lamp of the light-house, five miles distant, shone out, vanished, and shone again. The tramp gave it but momentary attention. He was not going so far.

Plodding along, he peered anxiously forward, searching for a remembered object in a locality that had long been familiar to him. He was at length rewarded by descrying, amidst the increasing shadows, a gray, four-sided mass standing in a sort of oasis in the beach. Near it a clump of low, storm-twisted trees and bushes indicated a spring. As he drew near, the details of a small, weather-beaten house became visible. Its condition was ruinous; no one had lived in it for many years; in fact, it was the oldest structure on the peninsula, and went by the name of Driftwood Cabin. There was a tradition that it had originally been inhabited by a half-breed Indian. Lapsed into decay, this former home of a human being looked yet more forlorn than the naked beach itself. The sand lay drifted against its walls, and made a mound across the threshold; scraps of seaweed fluttered in the ragged holes that had been windows; the roof was nearly gone, but the massive brick chimney still stood erect. The wind complained, with monotonous rise and fall, in the crevices and corners. In the broadest smile of summer sunshine it was a dismal spot; on this frowning November evening it was the abode of desolation itself.

The tramp gazed steadfastly upon it for a time, now and then nodding his head, and making an inarticulate sound in his throat. At the door he turned, looked towards the sea, and up and down the beach, and finally, lifting his hands, made a gesture of greeting or farewell. Then he entered the cabin.

There were two rooms, separated by a passage; and an attic above; but the stairs were gone. The tramp entered the room on the left. Here were the chimney-piece and hearth, on which were the ashes of a fire, and some scattered clam-shells, relics, perhaps, of a last summer's picnic. The solitary guest of the dead Indian's ghost picked up some fuel, cut kindlings with his knife, heaped all skilfully together, and producing a match from his pocket, soon had a fire. The brisk crackling of the sticks contrasted fantastically with the dull, unending roar of the surf without, and the querulous monotone of the wind. The man squatted in front of the fire, staring into it, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. The light flickered over his pale face, giving it an illusive glow and animation, as of youth long since dead and buried. Meanwhile, his shadow rose, crouched and capered on the wall behind him, like a phantom merry-andrew dancing a spectral hornpipe. This went on for half an hour.

The man, at last, roused himself from his musings, running his fingers through his dark, grizzled hair, and pushing it back from his face. He fetched a quick sigh, glanced nervously to the right and left, and thrust his hand into an inner pocket of his ragged coat. Thence he drew a small packet of something, folded up in a bit of newspaper. He held it in his hands a few moments, and then, pressing his lips together, began to open it. But suddenly he stopped, lifting his head in a listening attitude.

It was not the wind, nor the sea, nor the crackling of the fire that had disturbed him in what he was about to do; it was a sound indicative of the propinquity of that which, above all else, he wished to avoid, partly to escape which, indeed, he had dragged himself to this forsaken spot; it was a sound of human breathing. He thrust the packet back, and steadily turned on his hands and knees toward the door. He was like a wild animal, scenting an enemy. The breathing continued. Slowly and cautiously he crept across the floor, pausing ever and anon to listen. The breathing apparently proceeded from the room on the other side of the passage. Holding his own breath, he crept on. In this manner he finally reached the opposite door, and stretching forward, an inch at a time, he peered into the gloom beyond.

The moon, nearly at the full, had risen, and shone through the dark heap of something coiled up in the further corner.

A fearful expression entered into the haggard features of the man. His life, by his own determination, had well nigh reached its final stage; but the presence of this fellow-creature, invading the awful solitude he had come so far to secure, roused in him a murderous resentment. His fingers closed tightly round the handle of his knife; he got to his feet, and stole on tiptoe over the sand-heaped floor. He bent above the sleeper seeking a vital spot to aim at. But the moonlight fell upon the white unconscious face, giving a ghostly distinctness to its lineaments. All at once, a faint scream broke from the intending murderer, and a tremor of fear and bewilderment shook him to the marrow. Was this a spectre or a reality? His teeth chattered, and his hands vibrated so that the knife fell to the ground. That the sleeper was a woman, mattered nothing; but, of all women—of all beings—in the world, how should Nance Dakyn be there? Yet it was she. Only, instead of the beautiful girl, exquisitely dressed, of his memory, here was a hollow-cheeked, faded wretch, in garments as ragged and disreputable as his own.

After he had had time to accept the discovery as a fact, and not a fantasy, his agitation ceased. He was, indeed, too feeble in body, and his spirit too decrepit, to long sustain any intensity of emotion. He seated himself quietly beside the sleeper, resting his eyes continually on her face. The moonlight also rested there; it had withheld his hands from blood; and now, by degrees, it carried his mind back along the disastrous track of his career, until he saw, as in a vision, a young man and a young woman, lovers, handsome and fortunate, with a future united, bright and promising. They wandered side by side on yonder beach, in the warm light of the summer. They entered this ruined dwelling; once within the haunted rooms, exchanged the first kisses of their new love. But those moments were the climax of their happiness, and its end. Was it more their fault or their misfortune? Vain to ask now. He had drifted one way; she another. Time, distance and events shut them from each other's sight and knowledge, till this strange meeting in the spot whence they started.

"Ralph Fletcher! Ralph! Where am I?"

She had awakened. No, she was not quite awake. The scenery of her dream was still about her. Perhaps she had been wandering through the same regions of memory as the man beside her. But their eyes met in a long look.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"I came home; that's all," he said. "I didn't expect to find you."

"It is really you, then?" She sat up, put back her hair from her wasted cheeks, and smiled. "Isn't it funny, Ralph? So many years . . . such troubles I've had . . . and you, too, have you? And now to find you—here!"

"What brought you here, Nance?"

"Oh, I'm done! I've had enough. You don't know . . . I left him . . . and I went wrong." She smiled again. "I remembered one day here. I thought I'd come and take it. I wasn't likely to be disturbed. But you! It is funny!"

"You want to end it? I was thinking of that too."

"You were?" she said, softly. "Well, we always did agree—till they parted us. Ralph, it comforts me to know you've gone to the bad as well as I. Since we couldn't live and be happy together, the next best thing is—this! I supposed you were rich and prosperous, and had forgotten poor Nance. You haven't a drop of brandy, have you?"

"I have something better; by and by. Do you know," he said, picking up the knife and fixing his eyes on her, "I was going to—to kill you? I recognised you just in time."

"That would have been funny, wouldn't it? You used to love me, you know, once. But we never imagined anything more romantic than this, did we? Oh, Ralph!" She suddenly began to sob, not violently, nor had her tears more heart-break in them than her smiles. "It seems a pity, somehow," she said in a moment. "It might have been so different. Kill me now, if you like; I'll forgive you."

She turned towards him, pulling open her dress, and half closing her eyes.

He leaned towards her also. Their lips met.

. . . . . .

"It's too late now, isn't it, Ralph? Poor old boy!"

"Too late. But we shall be together."

They rose, leaning on each other, and went into the other room, where the fire still flickered. Ralph heaped on more fuel, and they sat down before it.

"The world has gone wrong with us, hasn't it?" she said, after awhile. "It doesn't want us; and we've had enough. I'm tired—tired to death, Ralph."

He was silent, but put out his hand, and took hers in it. They both gazed at the fire. At length she put her mouth to his ear and whispered:

"When shall it be, dear?"

"In a minute, Nance. Wait till that log falls."

"Hear the sea, and the wind! Oh—now!"

The log fell. He loosed her hand, felt in his pocket, and drew out the little paper bundle. He began to unfold it, she watching him intently.

"There seems very little," she said.

"Oh, it's enough!" he murmured, between his teeth.

"And you meant to take it all! greedy boy!" Some words printed on the bit of newspaper caught his eye, and he held it towards the fire to read. "Giles Fletcher—deceased—hundred thousand dollars—no will—next of kin." So ran the paragraph."

"What's the matter, Ralph? How your hand trembles! Are you afraid, dear? Let me do it?"

"No, no!" By an effort he commanded himself. "I was just thinking, Nance: Are you sure you wish it? Suppose—just suppose, you know—that we were offered a fortune, luxury and comfort, and to live together. Death is death—it can't be recalled. Would you choose it, still?"

"Haven't I said it!" she returned, impatiently. "Ralph, I'm dead already—do you understand? If you put a million dollar note in this hand, and that in the other, I'd burn the note, and——"

"You mean it, Nance?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, raising her right hand, with a little laugh, "I swear it!"

"Well," said Ralph, and he threw the scrap of newspaper in the fire. It made a flame for a moment, and was gone. He divided the substance that had been wrapped in the paper into two parts. The pupils of Nance's eyes grew black, and her pale lips parted eagerly.

"Share and share alike, now!" cried she.

"Take which you will."

"This is mine. Do you care to kiss me, once more?"

"My own girl—after all! Good-bye!"

"Will it be forever, Ralph?"

"We shall know."

The ocean thundered on the shore; the wind complained in the corners and crevices; the moon rose higher and higher, and filled the heavens with light. It looked down calmly upon the ruined cabin on Sevenmile Beach.

At the Piano.

She was playing a waltz,
And she called it First Kiss.
(Ah! I made wild assaults
(She was playing a waltz).
The result: abrupt halts
A "conjunction"—and bliss!
She continued the waltz,
And it was the First Kiss.

Recited to the Criminals.

George Riddle, the Boston elocutionist, went up to the Elmira reformatory the other day to talk to the prisoners. The experience was a novel one. A *Tribune* reporter met Mr. Riddle at the Lyceum theater a day or two ago, and heard all about it from his own lips. This is what he said:

"I have read nearly a thousand times before all kinds of audiences. I was frightened before my first public reading, terrified before the first performance of the Greek play, nervous when I read to the occult Browning society of Boston; but I can't recall a state of fear and apprehension that would express my condition when I realized that I had accepting the invitation to appear before the eight hundred or more inmates of the reformatory.

"I promised to give one reading on Sunday afternoon and another in the evening. The first question that bothered me was, 'What shall I read?' Mr. Brockway, the superintendent, assured me that the audience would be attentive, and that no one could go out. Knowing that human nature is the same everywhere, I decided to start off with something humorous, and chose Howells' 'Sleeping Car' to put my hearers in good humor.

"The reformatory is a half-hour's drive from Elmira, and as I approached the frowning walls of the prison my first impulse was to drive back to the city at once. It suddenly occurred to me that nearly every selection that I had made contained allusions to burglars and robbers. I remembered the caution of the physicians at a lunatic asylum where I once read, not to give anything containing a mention of home, and I remembered also that a lunatic insisted on believing that I was the Pope of Rome, and would not be comforted until I had blessed her. So my mind was filled with anxiety until I was assured by the genial Mr. Brockway that the prisoners were not sensitive about allusions to burglars, robbers, and the forlorn.

"I ascended to the lecture-room in the same elevator in which Grover Cleveland stuck fast when, as governor, he visited the reformatory. What a sight the audience was! Eight hundred young men, most of them between the ages of thirteen and thirty, sat before me. Only the prisoners of the third, or lowest grade, wore the regulation convicts' garb, and I must say that the Venetain reds of their dress were picturesque. The reds were in a body on my left, and the pale blue uniform of the men of the first or highest grade were on the right, while the gallery was filled with men of the second grade. Most of the faces were keen and intelligent, and I noticed the fresh, healthy, complexion of the men, which were in marked contrast to the usual solemn hue of prisoners.

"'Men, I give you a riddle to guess,' was the introduction I received to my audience. A reception! Well, rather. I was put at my ease at ar once. I opened, as I had intended, with the Sleeping Car, and Mr. Howells' farce never had a more appreciative hearing. The allusion to train robbers was received with yells of delight. But the climax of applause was reserved for Shakespeare and Browning's How They Brought the Good News. For a moment I thought myself in Boston. Wolsey's Downfall and Marc Antony's Speech over Cæsar's Body were also received with rapture. The cries of the mob in the latter piece seemed to please the audience particularly, and the final shouts of 'Pluck down forms, benches, anything,' were almost drowned by the apparent excitement of the men.

"I have heard actors say they liked playing to sympathetic gallery gods. Here was Pelion on Ossa, with Ossa a wart in comparison. In The Boat Race, from Robert Grant's Jack Hall, I introduced some of the late cries, such as 'In the soup' and 'He's all right.' The audience was perfectly familiar with them. In fact, nothing had to be explained in the entire programme.'

Where he Lived.

Kirby Stone.—Shears, the tailor, asked me to-day where you lived.

Upson Downes.—Did you tell him?

Kirby Stone.—No; I did n't know.

Upson Downes.—Well, if he asks you again, tell him I live where I do now.

Below Stairs.

Officer Kelley (who is getting the aftermath of the New Year's dinner, and has taken an olive by mistake)—Phot kind o' grapes is thim, Miss Norah?

The Second Girl—Thim kem from Malligy.

Officer Kelly—They did? Well, thin, be hivins! they kem in th' shteerage.

At a Western Party.

He—Have you been dancing much, Miss Porcine?

She (from Cincinnati)—Yes, indeed! I think if there is one thing I dote on more than all else it is shaking my hoof.'

Not One of Her Habits.

Sunday School Teacher—Jennie, I hope you don't hang over the gate with any young man.

Jennie—Oh, no, ma'am.

Sunday School Teacher—I'm very glad to hear you say so.

Jennie—No, ma'am; father took down the fence day before yesterday.

Working Like a Nigger.

"Bob, where is Tom?"

"He is cutting wood and has been working like a nigger."

"How is that?"

"Why, he is sitting on a box whittling a stick."

He Repented.

A tyrannical husband locked the door against his wife, who was out, visiting a neighbor, and when she applied for admittance, he pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump down the well if he did not open the door. He had no idea that she would do so, and obstinately insisted that he did not know her; so she took a log, and plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made she placed herself by the side of the door, and as the husband darted out in his night clothes, she darted in, locked the door and declared she did not know him. When he became penitent she let him in.

Enviable Distinction.

The late M. Rouher, the French statesman, used to say that he distinguished himself at school chiefly by his public appetite. In punishment for some piece of mischief at home, he was sent at one time to be a boarder at a school for six months, and his fond mother, going to visit him there, noticed that he was lean.

"I am afraid he does not eat enough," she said, anxiously to the head-master.

"Eat!" answered the disgusted pedagogue. "Why, his stomach is a *table d' hote!*"

An Ice Gorge.

"Why, Willie, what's the matter?" asked his mother, in a tone of alarm.

Willie (who had demolished nearly a pint of ice-cream left over from the wedding feast, and was manifesting signs of distress)—"Why, ma, I think I must be suffering from an ice jam."

Only One Thing Left.

First Society Man (yawning)—What time is it?

Second Society Man (stretching)—Nine o'clock.

"Too late for the theater."

"Yes."

"Too early to go to bed."

"Yes."

"I'm too sleepy to read or talk."

"So am I. Too tired to think."

"Well, as we neither of us seem good 'for anything else let's dress up and go to Mrs. Westend's party."

Ticked Off.

Dr. Cardiac.—This man has the most distinct and peculiar heart-beat I have ever noted.

Tom Seton (the subject).—Hit her a little higher up, Doc. I've jest wound my Atterbury watch.—*Puck*

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Sheep in Wolves' Clothing.

In speaking of hypocrisy and dissimulation it seems commonly taken for granted that those who assume qualities which they do not possess always wish to pass as being better than they are. There could hardly be a greater error. "Wolves in sheep's clothing" has become a proverb. They are a numerous and influential class—but there are probably fully as many sheep in wolves' clothing—very ordinary, indifferent sort of people who make pretensions to be adepts in all sorts of vices which they possess, if at all, in a very minor degree. Fresh young men think it a fine thing to pose as *roues*—and talk as though there were no depth of depravity which they had not sounded. How they enjoy boasting of the "terrible tear" they have been on and the outrages on propriety and decency they were guilty of, when probably a couple of glasses of saloon whisky and a whoop or two in a quiet street, when they were sure no policeman was in the neighborhood, was the full extent of their offending! What volumes of experience as to the fair sex they affect to possess on the score of their mild flirtations with the waiter girls of the cheap restaurant and the occasional exchange of a few words of chaff with some of the syrens of the pave! They are fond of assuming a *blase*, used up demeanor and a cynicism of tone in conversation as though they had drunk all the experience of life and its passions to the very dregs. They interlard their conversation with all the sporting slang they can pick up, and assume the airs of knowing ones on the strength of hazarding a bet for the drinks or a couple of dollars on a baseball match or a boat race. The poor silly fellows actually fancy that they pass for men of the world, and that people are impressed instead of being simply disgusted by their shallow affectation of libertinism and wildness. For they are really very innocent and harmless creatures after all, and their stories of their wicked doings are the merest swagger and bombast. Really bad, dangerous men seldom vaunt their conquests or parade their vices. If they haven't the grace to be ashamed of them they generally have sense enough to see that such a course, instead of winning admiration, would expose them to the contempt of all whose good opinion is worth having.

Materials for Future History.

It would be interesting to know whether any of those in the inner circle of Canadian politics and prominent in our social life are keeping private diaries or preparing memoirs dealing with cabinet secrets and the lives of our public men for future publication. In English and European politics generally it is a mere truism to say that the real nature of events and the motives and secret springs of action leading to them are much better understood after an interval of half a century has elapsed than at the time of their occurrence. The publication of volumes of reminiscences, diaries and correspondence long after the principal actors have passed from the scene often sheds a flood of light on matters before inexplicable and changes entirely the popular estimate of leading public characters by exposing their motives and disclosing the influences bought to bear on them. A faithfully written memoir by some one conversant with Cabinet secrets and on confidential terms with the leading Ministers during the last few years would be of inestimable value to the future historian, and would reveal many things which could not be gathered from the contemporary journals. Almost of equal interest to posterity would be a record of the impressions and experiences of any faithful, accurate observer who should jot down from day to day his impressions of current politics and society—who should attend any notable gathering, such, for instance, as the receptions given to Lord Stanley or the Board of Trade banquet and note the appearance and manner of the leading participants, the by-play, the thousand-and-one little incidents, suggestions and personal details which go to make up a complete picture of the life and manners of the time. Such a record, while of little account to-day, would be warmly appreciated fifty or a hundred years hence for the side light it would throw upon history and biography. How much more are we indebted to Pepys' Diary for our knowledge of London fashionable life in the days of the Merry Monarch than to more pretentious and elaborately written volumes! If any Canadian author is ambitious of being read and remembered through coming centuries, he will find here a field much more likely to yield him posthumous reputation than those of history, fiction or poetry. Even a very ordinarily written memoir or diary of passing events, if characterized by outspokenness and close observation, would make its author celebrated. It is true that the newspapers go much more into detail as regards public affairs than formerly, and give currency to many personal matters once regarded as outside their sphere. But owing to party bias, newspaper testimony will be received with very considerable reservations, and moreover, the journalistic code, though relaxed, prevents the free and unreserved treatment of social and private affairs which the diarist writing for publication after the lapse of many years can treat of freely.

MUSIC

So the Kellogg Opera Company has lost its charming head and her brave husband. It appears that the sore arm that Clara Louise did some little advertising with, suddenly became worse, and she was incapacitated from active service and they finally went back to New York, leaving the company to go on without her. Whether it is still called by her name, or whether she still retains an interest in the business I cannot say, but this much I feel sure of, that with Meisslinger as she is, and Hattie Avery as she may become under the stimulus of such an opportunity, the company is to-day stronger in general artistic excellence than it was when Kellogg was with them. Of course her name would still draw audiences in localities where she has not sung in late years and where her falling off in excellence is not yet known. This same Miss Avery has great possibilities, with her pretty voice and engaging appearance, and with her evident talent.

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A few days ago a friend stopped me with a piece of music in his hand, and said: "Why don't you sing this some time at your church? It is lovely." I looked at it and found Verdi's well-known trio from Attila, Te Sol Quest Anima, with the words, Praise ye the Father, etc. Now, however good this selection may be—and it is good—I have always felt that there was a decided incongruity in adapting love songs and lovers' music to sacred words and using them in church. Especially is this the case as the mass of music written for the sanctuary, and inspired by proper religious words and sentiment, is so great and of such infinite variety that no possible reason, save that of a weakly, sentimental and vitiated taste, can be given for such a debasement. I remember some seven years ago in a church in Buffalo, hearing a soprano sing the beautiful hymn Jesus, Lover of my Soul, to the tune of When the Swallows Homeward Fly. The effect on me was ridiculous, for the words of the secular song would run through my head as their notes were touched, with a result somewhat like the following: "Je (when) sus (the) Lov (swall) er (ows) of (home) my (ward) soul (fly), and so on, *ad nauseam*.

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There is, even in Toronto where musical taste is after all very good, too much of this weak, thoughtless taking up of a secular air, because "it is pretty," and adapting hymn or psalm words to it, on account of an unhappy accident of similarity of meter. If any one is tempted to give way to this weakness, let him go to the music stores where he will find bound samples of sacred music in plentiful variety to choose from. The gentleman who said "the devil should not have all the good music" has much to answer for, though I think his phrase was rather carelessly constructed. He must have meant that the church should have some good music written for it.

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Not but what there may be exceptions as in all good rules. I have heard the jubilant strains of Schumann's Er, Der Herrlichste used for Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices, and with splendid effect, the more so because there was absolutely no impropriety in it. Schumann wrote the music under the influence of a sentiment of glorious joy which was more impersonal than sensuous, at all events, in its musical expression. Similarly the prayers and devotional choruses from operas, if they are expressive of religious feeling, are unobjectionable when wedded to proper words. Some years ago there was quite an active discussion on the question of "absolute" music, in which the late Richard Grant White took the untenable ground that music was only good and pleasant or the reverse, and was not descriptive of emotions or conditions. His opponents very properly had the best of him, thought his strongest argument, perhaps, was Handel's Lascia chio Pianga, whose music would be described by all hearers as devotional, yet it was a love song. But by this very argument he admitted that to the masses there was a difference between devotional and frivolous music, and if the great mass of auditors feel a certain emotion on hearing certain music, that music must have a descriptive or objective character.

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Whew! I have drifted into a heavy subject, and shall supply a contrast by stating that the Q. O. R. are going into burnt cork in May next with a large chorus, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. Messrs. Vogt and Field will give their Wagner lecture on the 14th at the College of Music, when vocal illustrations of the *maestro* and his predecessors in the same direction will be given by Mlle. Adele Strauss, who will sing the great aria from Gluck's Alceste, the cavatina from Oberon, and Elizabeth's Prayer from Tannhæuser, and by Mr. Schuch, who will sing the Evening Star aria from Tannhæuser.

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The allotment of seats for the Albani concert on the 11th, brought out the usual enthusiasts, the first of whom arrived at Nordheimer's door at 3.15 on Monday morning. A young friend of mine, who put in an appearance at 4.45, was the twenty-sixth. It was a fine bracing morning, too, rather snowy in fact!

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The Philharmonic Society's performance of Handel's Samson, takes place on the 26th inst. Miss Hortense Pierse, a charming singer and lovely woman, has been engaged for the soprano parts, Mlle. Strauss sustaining the contralto music. Miss Pierse has a pure soprano voice, of wide compass and rich quality. The tenor and bass parts are being negotiated for and will be placed in worthy hands. At the approaching concert of Mr. Torrington's orchestra, Mr. Harry M. Field will play a Beethoven concerto. For the next Vocal Society's concert Mr. Haslam is putting forth his best efforts to have the society appear in the most impressive light, and Mr. Edward Fisher is hard at work with the Choral Society for its performance of the Creation, for which I understand Mr. Slocum, a promising young tenor from Buffalo, has been engaged. Miss Bunton and Mrs. Shilton will, I believe, sing the soprano solos. So that, in spite of the lull of the past fortnight, our musical people are still full of life.

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I have received from Messrs. Suckling & Sons a little brochure, entitled, Some Musical Don'ts. It contains quite a mass of practical hints, expressed in a negative form, one of which every singer will thank the writer for: "*Don't* use the pedal between two opposing harmonies," with the pathetic addition, "Please don't."

METRONOME.

The Drama.

At the Grand this week, sweet little Minnie Palmer has again delighted the hearts of her many friends in Toronto, where she has appeared in her old plays My Brother's Sister and My Sweetheart. Her merry presence is as refreshing as the dew drops on the flower, and like the flowers themselves she is ever welcome, ever cheering and always pretty. The hundred thousand dollar jewel that scintillates on her breast, sparkles not with so kindly a ray as the bright little star it adorns. She throws all her charming personality into her acting, and it lingers with a pleasing warmth in the hearts of every man and woman who comes under its influence. Her freedom in speech and action seems like the untainted freedom preserved from childhood. She kicks and tosses herself about with the unconscious grace of a lambkin on a sunny hillside, and wears a pretty much divided skirt as though she were "to the man-

or born." But whatever she wears or whatever she does never trepasses on the demesnes of indelicacy. There is nothing more suggestive of evil in her wildest prank than there is in the romping of a school girl in a hot chase after a butterfly. When she wears male apparel we lose sight of the woman in the impudent puppy of a boy. When on the other hand, she dons her skirts, we see only the boy's sister—a twin sister at that.

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Her two plays have already been described in SATURDAY NIGHT, when she appeared here last spring. They are like soap bubbles, light, bright and amusing. Some new songs, new scenery, new dresses and new people are introduced. Miss Palmer gives us a glimpse of the stately days of yore in her Fairy Footsteps, which she dances, attired in a gown with a train, after the fashion of that other charming woman with the wonderful eyes—Rosina Vokes. It has been very much the fashion of late to introduce into every play a brainless being, with an ultra-fashionable attire and an eyeglass, who takes the character of an English dude. This character has been served up to the public in all degrees of badness, and has been swallowed with relish, or nausea, according to the spectator's appetite. Those who, in playing this part, have not gone from caricature to monstrosity are few. Among them must be placed Mr. R. A. Roberts in his presentation of Waldcoffer Grosserby in My Brother's Sister. His idiotic ha-ha, his unfailing impecuniousness and his "touch 'em for a fiver," were hilarious in their effect. Miss Carrie Reynolds is a woman whose beauty is of the majestic type, and she "looms" like an Amazon beside the fairy-like Palmer. The scene where she proposes to the little cadet and strains him willy-nilly to her capacious bosom is most ludicrous. Her work is very well done. The other members of the company give an able support.

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Little Miss Palmer has a great head. She does some thinking on her own account. While in England last summer she conceived the idea of getting up a great theatrical exhibition, to be held next summer in London. The exhibition was to include a reproduction of theaters and performances of long ago—in Shakespeare's time for instance. Miss Palmer thinks if the old style of stage and costumes—often inadequate and out of keeping—were faithfully reproduced, that there would be less talk about the days of Garrick, Kean and Mrs. Siddons being the palmy days of the drama. There would also be in the exhibition a collection of historic costumes, properties, etc., pastoral plays gotten up on a gigantic scale and acted by professionals; also a department showing how everything connected with the theater, both before and behind the curtain, is made and prepared—in fact as much of everything connected with the drama, past and present, as could be scraped together. The object was to be a charitable one. I don't know whether the idea will be acted upon or not.

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Mrs. McKee Rankin has been playing at the Toronto Opera House in The Golden Giant Mine. This drama, portraying life in a mining town, is as full of sensation as life in such mercurial communities is usually supposed to be. It abounds in those situations where the wronged and the down-trodden winds up a speech with a flourish worthy of Cicero, and appeals to the Dii Majores for sympathy and justice, which never fails to come with such spontaneity and whole-souled liberality as only the gods are capable of. The play has been trimmed up for the better since it was here last winter. Mrs. McKee Rankin has an excellent conception of her part, but is getting rather ponderous for the school-girl act. She appears to much more advantage in the last two acts. There is no danger of her light being dimmed by any of her company. Mr. Pike as Allen Fairfax, and Mr. Lewis as Jack V. Mason, are not good enough to deserve laudation nor yet bad enough to be sat on. They preserve a respectable mediocrity, which carries them through. Mr. Melville's make-up and acting in the character of Bixby, the loafer, who has been soaked in whisky for years, excited much applause. He sustains his part excellently, and in the *delirium tremens* scene "sees snakes" in such a realistic manner as to bring down the house.

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The unusual brilliancy which met the gaze of visitors to the Toronto Opera House this week was startling to the regular *habitue* till he found that Manager Shaw had taken advantage of nineteenth century civilization, and had supplied his theater with the electric light.

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Jolly Kate Castleton did not evidently relish SATURDAY NIGHT's comments on her performance last week any too well. When the red-headed poet was belching forth his feelings in polysyllabic periods last Saturday evening, Kate archly remarked, "My! doesn't he talk like SATURDAY NIGHT?"

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A. P. Bradley, business representative of Kate Castleton, resigned his position at the close of the Toronto engagement last Saturday night.

Nat Goodwin says that he can play David Garrick just as well as any other actor, and he promises to prove his statement some day.

Denman Thompson's mother, who was over eighty years of age, died at her home in Swanzy, N.H., last week. Mr. Thompson attended the funeral on Sunday.

George H. Jessop, the playwright, contributes to the February *Scribner* the story of an Irish outrage, called "The Emergency Men," told from the landlord's point of view.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has signed a contract with Daniel Frohman to write a society comedy for the Lyceum Theatre. The play will be finished and probably be produced there before the close of the season.

A huge theater party did honor to Nat Goodwin when he opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. It consisted of 1,000 members of Mecca Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Goodwin made a speech.

Mrs. Potter says that the reason she was so bad in the last act of Anthony and Cleopatra on the first night at Palmer's was the overpowering fatigue to which she had been subjected in the course of preparations.

Mrs. Langtry, in the crown and mantle of Lady Macbeth, as in the furs of Lina Despard, or the white muslin of Pauline, is just what she has always been. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite—monotony. She walks through the part of Lady Macbeth as through her other impersonations, with a series of gestures, movements and inflexions, carefully, even painfully, learned by heart from her elocution coach or her stage manager, without the slightest possible trace of individual intelligence, and not one gleam of real dramatic fire or original imagination. Of the wondrous depth of feeling, the many-sided force and strength of the woman she essayed to paint, it is not probable that Mrs. Langtry has the faintest conception.—*Mirror.*

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Those rival Shakespearean decorators and furnishers, Irving, Anderson, Potter and Langtry are filling the public eye pretty successfully just now. Their method of getting to work is obvious, and yet, although we are becoming somewhat inured to it, its audacity diminishes not a whit.

Mr. Irving began it. He argued that when an actor cannot draw by his genius, he can put himself amid surroundings that will draw. And so the archæologists and commentators and painters and carpenters were set to work to produce a pictorial ensemble which should be so fine that the public would not see anything else. The scheme worked. There were found untold thousands that would overlook histrionic deficiency if the scenery possessed the required tone and feeling and the limelights were well managed.

The cogency of Mr. Irving's process of rehabilitating Shakespeare impressed Sister Anderson, and resulted in the cognate efforts which have distinguished her professional career since she first left these, her native shores, and found in merrie England an atmosphere better suited to her tastes and inclinations. To show her proud countrymen how much she had advanced along the line of the fad, she brought us over a revised version of The Winter's Tale, with a rare set of costumes and a pastoral dance that threw the town into ecstasy. But Mrs. Potter's Louisiana soul burned to outdo the achievement of her bluegrass compatriot. She succeeded. She hung Antony and Cleopatra with provocative gauze and dazzling jewels; she filled it with incense and flagreed it with archaic detail. She demonstrated, more forcibly than Mr. Irving and Miss Anderson ever did, that lavish expenditure and sensational features will produce a greater monetary reward in the Shakespearean field of operation than histrionic genius and ripe scholarship. And now Mrs. Langtry has her confident fling at the defenceless Bard, giving us Macbeth *a grands frais.*

Shakespeare legitimately produced, with capable actors, formerly spelled ruin. Under the new *regime* of scenic and costumic fuss and feathers it spells something quite the opposite. There is only one satisfactory result connected with the nascent cult. So long as frocks and furbelows and paint and canvas continue to make dramatic mediocrity acceptable to the public fancy, the Master's works will not fall into a condition of innocuous or any other sort of desuetude. No one will deny that Mrs. Potter's Antony and Cleopatra is a more intellectual entertainment than Mr. Hoyt's Brass Monkey, while it is incontrovertible that Mrs. Langtry's Macbeth reaches to a higher plane of excellence than Mr. Rice's Evangeline.—*Dramatic.*

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The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well-doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower without effort of our own. Labor, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, watchfulness, are the elements out of which this kind of joy is formed.

Close By.

For Saturday Night.

So near at hand (our eyes o'erlooked its nearness
In search of distant things)
A dear dream lay—perchance to grow in dearness
Had we but felt its wings
Astir. The air our very breathing fanned
It was so near at hand.

Once, many days ago, we almost held it,
The love we so desired,
But our short eyes saw not, and fate dispelled it
Before our pulses fired
To flame, and errant fortune bade us stand
Hand almost touching hand.

I sometimes think had we two been discerning—
The by-path hid away
From others' eyes had then revealed its turning
To us, nor led astray
Our footsteps, guiding us into love's land
That lay so near at hand.

So near at hand, dear heart, could we have known it,
Thro'out those dreamy hours,
Had either loved, or loving, had we shown it,
Response had sure been ours,
We did not know that heart could heart command,
Love was so near at hand.

What then availed the red wine's subtle glisten?
We passed it blindly by,
And now what profit that we wait and listen
Each for the other's heart beat? Ah! the cry
Of love o'erlooked still lingers, you and I
Sought Heaven afar, we did not understand
'Twas then so near at hand.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Twilight.

For Saturday Night.

The pine trees are casting long shadows,
The lark is now singing "good-night,
And the world seems almost forsaken
In the hush of the dim twilight.

The setting sun in its glory
Shoots upward its last bright ray,
Then darkness comes over the valleys,
At the close of another day.

And I think of the glorious angels,
In their glistening robes of white,
And how God says that in heaven
There shall evermore be light.

From over the tops of the mountains,
Looking into the brooklets nigh,
The angels' twinkling "forget-me-nots"
Peep out from the cloudless sky.

And the rays of the mellow moonlight
Seem to whisper the sweet word "peace,"
Like the sound of an angel singing
The song that shall never cease.

January 21. BEATRICE HULL.

The Cow Pasture.

I see the harsh, wind-ridden, eastward hill,
By the red cattle pastured, blanched with dew;
The small, mossed hillocks where the clay gets through;
The grey webs woven on milkweed tops at will.
The sparse, pale grasses flicker, and are still.
The empty flats yearn seaward. All the view
Is naked to the horizon's utmost blue;
And the bleak spaces stir me with strange thrill.

Not in perfection dwells the subtler power
To pierce our mean content, but rather works
Thro' incompletion, and the need that irks,—
Not in the flower, but effort toward the flower.
When the want stirs, when the soul's cravings urge,
The strong earth strengthens, and the clean heavens purge.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

In Armor.

If temptation be resisted
And weakness be defied,
If I hold to right and honor
Though my soul be sorely tried,
If I keep me true from falsehood,
If I hold me free from shame,
If my best strength be enlisted
On the side of honest fame—
Shall I praise me for my choosing?
Shall I think myself am strong?
Shall I laud me for refusing
All the sweets that go with wrong?
Not mine own the strength I'm using,
This the thought that safely mailed me,
This that held when courage failed me:
"There are those that love and trust me
And I cannot give them pain!"

E. Y. S.

The Culprit Flower.

The daisy stood in the meadow with her innocent up-turned face,
Kissed by the wind and the fostering sun and endowed by them with grace.
The strong wind gave her snow-white hands and the sun a golden crown;
The cool earth gave her a resting-place, the zephyr a bed of down;
The light rain lent her a fresh green robe, the dew-drops many a gem;
The spider brought her a gossamer wrap to preserve her delicate stem;
The honey-bee brought her the latest news with a sip of honey-dew;
And the butterfly stopped for a friendly chat as over the fields they flew.
She loved them all, she loved them well, till one day a butterfly came,
And with his countless caressing ways he set her heart aflame.
Whenever he fluttered a little way, "Oh come, come back!" she cried
Whenever he lingered out of her sight she drooped and pined and sighed.
At last he left her; in shame and despair she hung her delicate head,
And moaned and whispered the whole day long, "Oh, I would that I were dead!"
The rain beat hard on her fragile form, the zephyr came but to cry,
With a mocking laugh, as he went his way, "Good-bye, dear love, good-bye!"
Her golden crown was withered away by the burning scorn of the sun;
The earth grew cold and her summer friends fell from her one by one.
The spider drew his silken web away from her cowering form,
And the wind in a fury of rage and grief called up a terrible storm.
The hapless daisy bowed her head to the taunts of the pitiless blast,
And pale and repentant that once pure face remained to the bitter last.
When morning came in pitying mood the wind came back to atone,
But the daisy lay with her pale face turned whither her love had flown.

FLORENCE B. PRATT.

Noted People.

The Emperor of Germany receives a salary of $750,000, and wants it increased to a million.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is said to be writing another novel. Will she be so kind as to let us recover from Robert Elsmere before she publishes another religious work?

Rutherford B. Hayes now figures as a litterateur, and is said to be one of the most assiduous readers of good books in the country. He is particularly well informed on gallinaceous subjects.

The Empress Frederick is a most accomplished player of both the violin and the guitar, and not a day passes but she amuses herself for an hour or two with one of those instruments, which accompany her everywhere.

The household of the Emperor of China is to consist of five hundred persons, including thirty fan-bearers, thirty umbrella-bearers, thirty physicians and surgeons, seventy-five astrologers, seven chief cooks, and sixty priests.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent, has the original cocked hat the Duke of Wellington wore at the battle of Waterloo. This is a relic that he is very proud of, and many a museum would give a small fortune, or even a large one, for it.

Mr. Edison says: "Undoubtedly the next great discovery will be some method of getting electricity from coal direct without the intervention of boilers to make steam, steam driven engines to run dynamos, which in their turn, with the intervention of magnetism, do work, whether in operating motors or in making light."

Lord Wolseley's illness is of old standing. He contracted it in the Burmah war of 1851. Lord Wolseley has done most of his hardest work at times of great physical suffering. In the Crimean war he lost one eye through the bursting of a shell. He suffered severely from inflammation of the other in the Nile campaign.

An Irish private soldier named Patrick Mulvaney has given to the world the following glimpse of the character of England's only general: "Ach, to the divil wid yer Wolseley!" he observes; "he's a ramblin', incoherent sort av a beggar, wid wan oi on the Quane an' the Coort, an' the other on his blissid self, everlastinly playin' Sayear and Alexandrier rolled into a lump."

Labouchere is evidently no admirer of Macaulay. In a recent number of *Truth* he says: "I am told that I ought to admire Macaulay. But, alas! I can't. All young people, and all half-educated people, swear by him. They say he makes his meaning so plain. Yes, undoubtedly he does. But then he does not mean much, and there is nothing that might not have been meant by his own (so frequently trotted out) schoolboy."

"Ouida" (Mlle. La Comtess La Ramee) is out against women's clubs as demoralizing and injurious to home conditions and duties. Mlle. La Ramee is not quite the person from whom such very high-flown domesticity was to be expected. During the many years she lived at the Langham Hotel, she used to hold a levee every evening in the public parlor, of which she was the presiding goddess, her pallid face, long black ringlets and æsthetic costume marked her as an eccentric genius, and the very last thing an observer would suspect her of would be any very earnest leanings to domestic felicity; in fact, a vainer woman was never met, and vain women are not scarce—at the Langham.

The Memorial Cathedral, Corpus Christi, which is being erected by the Jenkins heirs on Mt. Royal and Townsend streets in Baltimore, which is the center of the wealth and fashion of Roman Catholicism in America, is, although still far from completion, in a condition that suggests its future magnificence. It is being built in memory of Robert Jenkins and his wife by their children and grandchildren at a cost of half a million dollars. Another lavish expenditure is being made by Miss Mary Garrett, sister of the unfortunate Robert Garrett. She is building a preparatory school to enter students at Bryn Mawr College. It will be a fine building of brown stone and pressed brick, several stories high, and will cost $200,000.

Now and then a caller who visits the White House catches a glimpse of Mrs. Cleveland at the other end of the vista made by the corridors that separate the executive offices from the private portion of the house. She is calling to the servants in her cheery voice or singing little snatches of some favorite song. Half a dozen little English ballads constitute her repertory; and a lady friend who has seen much of her says that, though her voice is entirely untrained, it is a positive pleasure to hear her sing "Comin' Thro' the Rye," or "Sallie in Our Alley." As Mrs. Cleveland has been singing about the White House as merrily since the election as before, it is safe to say her spirits are not greatly depressed even though she may feel the disappointment natural to any young woman who has filled the place of "first lady of the land" for three years, and must now give way to a successor.

A writer in a New York paper says: "I have heard of many ridiculous feats being performed while their perpetrators were under the mellow influence of Bacchus, but I cannot remember any such foolhardy performance as that which was seen at the Essex County Toboggan Club's chute on Friday afternoon. Mrs. J. P. Morehouse of Orange Valley and Miss Jennie Mulford of Newark, being out for a tour on their cycles, arrived at the club's slide and proceeded to work their way up. Finding this impossible they concluded to walk up and coast down the chute on their wheels. This they did, fortunately without accident. The slides are 1,300 feet long, very steep in parts, and only three feet wide. The slightest swerve would have caused an upset, in which case either death or crippling for life would have surely been the fate of the daring cyclists. The pace was terrific, I am told, and my informant also says that the ladies were heartily congratulated upon their 'pluck.' However praiseworthy the sort of courage that would prompt such a foolhardy feat may have appeared to the persons who witnessed it, I consider that the club members who permitted the performance were greatly to blame for allowing the ladies to risk their lives."

A New York writer says: I cannot say I am surprised to see young Mr. John C. Klein figuring in Samoa as a friend and adviser of King Mataafa, upholding the natives in their armed resistance to German oppression, and in other ways acting the role of a foreign visitor of distinction in that troubled clime. I remember Mr. Klein very well as an American journalist. It was in Chicago that I met him, and I recall him as a young man of a happy-go-lucky, not to say a dare-devil disposition. He was always a good deal of a wanderer, oscillating with ease and frequency between Denver and San Francisco, Chicago and New York. His "copy" was always welcome, so far as I could see, in the newspaper offices that he visited; for he was a bright writer in those days, and worked with industry and zeal wherever he happened to find himself. He was openhanded with his money, and could lose a month's pay at roulette with the same equanimity that he could rake in a hundred on the horse he backed in the American Derby. At one time he was credited with having inherited a legacy of $15,000, but the impecunious friends who were so noisy in their congratulations, waited in vain for the money to materialize. When Mr. Klein last disappeared from the west there was not, I believe, a soul who could hazard a guess as to where he would hop up next. This is my reason for failing to experience surprise at his appearance in Samoa as a warrior and counsellor of the King, and I see that the *World*, with its happy and laudable custom of claiming everything in sight, loses no time in conferring upon Mr. Klein through its columns full credentials as its correspondent in Samoa!

'Varsity Chat.

The meetings of the Literary Society this year have been characterized by perhaps more than ordinary enthusiasm. There appears to be an entire lack of that indifference to proceedings on the part of a portion of the society which has been observed in past years, and is commonly observed in all societies. This removes a great barrier from the way of timid beginners.

But a dangerous tendency has manifested itself. Apparently it is the determination of certain gentlemen to make their remarks superficially interesting at the expense of common sense.

Indeed on one occasion the chairman, after declaring the debate open, remarked that it was hoped that gentlemen who spoke on the subject would do either on the affirmative or negative, with doing which, owing to the buffoonery indulged in, one would sometimes hesitate to charge them.

While this sort of thing was confined to one or two it was regarded as a huge joke and we all laughed. But when we find a crop of beginners (beginners among beginners, for we are all beginners) following in the tracks of their elders it is time for public opinion to call a halt. Mixed metaphors.

This is no sermon. We are all more or less guilty. I am merely pointing out for the common benefit the society's danger.

Class societies are all the rage. The matter will, I understand, be taken up after converset. by the third year, which has no doubt of its ability to whitewash any baseball team the seniors can place in the field. 'Rah, 'rah, '90.

The multiplicity of sub-committee notices on the bulletin board bespeaks the progress of preparations for the conversazione in February. The convener of the decoration committee displays his artistic sense in a notice done in blue and red.

Mr. Dale's indisposition, which has continued for a considerable time, is matter for sincere regret. He hopes to resume lectures shortly. We shall be glad to see him.

By a recent vote of the Literary Society, a large quantity of journalistic rubbish, in the shape of country newspapers, was ordered to be piled up in a heap to make way for duplicate copies of the *Mail*, *Empire*, *World* and *Globe*. The rural literature aforementioned is sent free, otherwise it would have followed the *Telegram* and *News* into oblivion. NEMO.

A Mystery Solved.

For Saturday Night.

WAY down in the country a somnolent village
Reclines at the base of a sheltering hill,
And there lives a maiden, tall, graceful and slender,
In a cottage romantic beside an old mill.
So wistfully yearning, her bright eyes look out from
A face pale and shapely as old Grecian art,
And the sighs that break forth from her unwilling lips tell
Of something that saddens her innocent heart.

Long, long has she waited; the summer departed,
The autumn leaves fell and the crystalline snow
Brought the glad Christmas season with good cheer and presents,
But Santa Claus' gifts have not banished her woe.
Does she seek an epistle from long absent lover,
When each Saturday eve to the post she doth hie?
No, she's waiting to see in the paper the poem
She sent in to SATURDAY NIGHT last July. VAN.

Time Flies with Hens.

"Time spent with poultry," says the *Agriculturist*, "is well spent." But your life it is. A man can spend more time in an hour trying to drive a yearling hen through a gate eighteen feet wide than he can spend in a week sawing wood. And then she won't go through the gate, after all, although it is wide open. She will either fly over the fence alongside of it or break her back trying to scratch under it.

The Waltz is Still Ahead.

"What is the most popular dance this season?" repeated the Professor, raising his eyebrows in mild but polite surprise. "Why, the waltz, to be sure. There is never anything most popular but the waltz. It has held a prominent position in social entertainment almost from the time it was first introduced. There are other dances which the accomplished gentleman or lady must know, but the waltz comes first in order of learning and first in order of importance."

ABOUT TO BEGIN.

"The waltz," he said "originated, as perhaps you know, in Bohemia, and it is frequently styled the German national dance. Just when it arose it is difficult of course to say, but it was some time in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It was discovered by the French and English early in this century, and made instant progress into popularity all over the civilized world. We begin with that in teaching our students for two reasons: First, perhaps, because it is the one thing the student is most ambitious to learn, and, as a rule, you know society people are not much inclined to go through a long season of dry and routine exercises, as piano students have to, before they reach the practice of the thing they ultimately wish to master. The second reason, which is the better one from the point of view of the terpsichorean artist, is that a good waltz step cultivates the grace of movement and command of the limbs which is essential to good dancing of any variety. I can imagine that one may begin with the contra dances, such as the Virginia reel and the simpler quadrilles, and go through the evolutions required by them in perfect form. Yet, if this were the case, when he came to take up the waltz he would be just as badly of as if he were a novice, with the single exception that

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

he would have learned to pose well when not in motion. The fact is, however, that few people who begin with the square dances learn to do them well. If you were ever at a country ball you have only to remember the styles in vogue there to see the truth of this. Your country gentleman, who doubtless takes as much delight in dancing as the most cultivated member of the Four Hundred, is full of life and energy, and is all action, regardless of grace. In a crude way his movements are rhythmical, but there is no uniformity in the steps he takes, and a dozen different steps may be in use during the same dance by as many different people. Such a man, accustomed to holding his hands behind his back and keeping up a light shuffle at every bar of the music, or even cavorting about the room more violently, would cut a rather sorry figure in the society waltz, even granting that he knew something about the movements. So, as I say, it is the best thing to begin with the waltz, because there we cultivate that grace which is necessary to all society behavior. The man who has learned to waltz well will find all other dances and all other behavior easy matters to acquire."

"What is the first thing taught?"

"We begin with a gentlemanly or ladylike pose, and show the pupil how to stand correctly while waiting for that bar of the music to sound which will be his cue for beginning to dance. The initial pose is, of course, very natural and easy to learn, though it is frequently a somewhat difficult matter to impress upon the pupil that he or she must not crook the elbow or raise the hands above that point where they naturally lie when classed. Your awkward waltzer takes the lady's hand in a firm grip and raises it to about the level of his face, and with his other arm he either grasps her tight about the waist or seizes hold of her elbow and starts out on a dance as if he were a fish, with fins on each side fully extended. All this is wretched. The lady's hands should rest lightly upon his arm just below the shoulder, and his hand should just touch the back of her waist. When we have impressed this rule upon the pupil, the next thing is to learn the step. This is to be taught by imitation, of course, and the only general point that I can give about it without giving a lesson outright is that in making the step the toe should not be turned in. It is the mistake made by all dancers who are careless, or who have been poorly taught."

"What happens if the toe is turned in in making the step?"

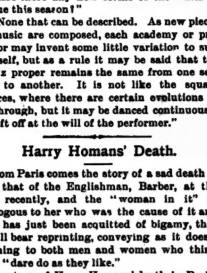
"Merely that you step upon your partner's foot. See here," and with this the professor went to a wardrobe and took out a pair of low dancing shoes of expensive pattern. "These," he said, "are what I wear when I am teaching beginners, and I call your attention to the way in which they have been bruised."

The shoes looked as if somebody had set them upon the floor and stamped upon them and kicked them, so as to put a scratch or bruise upon every part of their surface.

"All these wounds," continued the professor, "were made by the clumsy dancers, who would insist upon turning the toe in as they took the steps. You may imagine that I have had some severe knocks, but I manage to stand it as long as the shoes do. If the dancer simply steps straight forward he will never stumble or injure his partner's foot. Another thing that never happens with good waltzers is the collision of the knees. By the necessities of the dance your knees are almost touching those of your partner; yet if you understand how to take the steps she will never be conscious that either you or herself has anything like a knee. This excellent feature of a perfect waltz can never be acquired if the dancer persists in bending his knees during either the initial pose or any portion of the dance. So many men seem to think that it adds a certain springiness to their motions if they bend the legs more or less during the dance. The fact is the spring of the waltz should come entirely from the muscles of the lower leg, and the bend of the knees only adds awkwardness to the movements."

"Are good dancers able to avoid actual collision with other couples during a ball?"

"Not always. It depends very largely upon the number of couples dancing, and somewhat upon the watchfulness of the gentleman. But in a crowded ballroom, be the parties ever so careful, it is almost impossible to avoid some



MISMANAGED.

collisions. No serious results may follow, however, such as a complete upsetting of one or other of the parties, unless one or both are exceedingly careless and awkward."

"Are there any new forms of the waltz in vogue this season?"

"None that can be described. As new pieces of music are composed, each academy or professor may invent some little variation to suit himself, but as a rule it may be said that the waltz proper remains the same from one season to another. It is not like the square dances, where there are certain evolutions to go through, but it may be danced continuously or left off at the will of the performer."

Harry Homans' Death.

From Paris comes the story of a sad death so like that of the Englishman, Barber, at the Fall recently, and the "woman in it" so analogous to her who was the cause of it and who has just been acquitted of bigamy, that it will bear reprinting, conveying as it does a warning to both men and women who think they "dare do as they like."

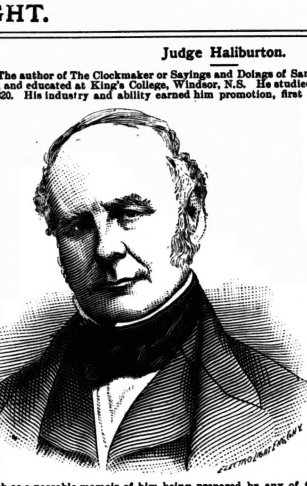
The story of Harry Homans' death in Paris, and of the last few wretched months of his life was sad enough; but, after all, the fault was his own, as I believe it would be that of any man who, knowing the world well, would in a moment of infatuation, take to himself a wife concerning whose character and antecedents he was too blind to make inquiry. I knew Homans well; a handsomer man never appeared on Broadway or on the boulevards, nor a prouder or more ambitious one. The chief aim of his life seemed to be social distinction for himself and the children by his first wife, an aim, which, though he did not know it at the time, was robbed of all possibility of realization by his second marriage. His business as the European representative of the New York Life Insurance Company was a very lucrative one, and he spent his money lavishly. A certain unseemly haughtiness was the only drawback to his being universally liked. His sudden marriage, eight or nine years ago, to the woman who was undoubtedly the cause of his untimely death, came as a crushing surprise to all his friends. What appeared strangest of all was that he, a man of the world, more or less a traveler himself and always in the current of passing events, should have been ignorant of what more than three-fourths of his own world had long known, namely, that the woman was but a grade better than the most common of her sex, and that the history of her intrigues that lacked even the redeeming element of romance, had extended over years.

That Homans was ignorant of his wife's past was a fact. It was not, however, as has been stated, any particular act of a scandalous nature after their marriage that first opened his eyes to what she really was. One can scarcely imagine a less welcome, or in fact a more painful, service to render a friend than that of informing him that the woman he has made his wife is unworthy, but it was in this way that Homans first learned of the shadow that was to cloud his life until its gloomy end. One day on the Boulevard he met an old friend from New Orleans, a gentleman who was a frequent visitor to Europe, and who knew almost everybody and everything connected with American life abroad. Homans invited him to dinner. The gentleman had never met the present wife, and before seeing her had no idea of her identity. On his arrival at Homans' house he was presented to her. A glance was sufficient. He recognized her as one whom he and hundreds of others had long known as an adventuress of the *semi-declassé* order, whose life had been spent in his own city, and whose subsequent career was the next thing to common history. The surprise or shock of the recognition so unnerved him, that, whether really ill or not, he withdrew under pretense of indisposition before dinner was served.

Next day Homans called on this gentleman, wearing a most troubled and half-desperate look. "——," said he, "you are an old friend; for God's sake tell me the secret of all this. You are but one among many others. Everybody seems to decline the hospitality of my house. Others have come and gone as suddenly as you did. I must know what it means, and you must tell me." After some moments of hesitation the gentleman replied, "You demand it, and as an old friend I will speak. Can it be possible that you are ignorant of your wife's identity and past?" He then proceeded to tell him her history, and to point out why his friends had so long shunned the household thus presided over. The revelations, as may be readily understood, nearly drove Homans mad, and, being fully assured of their correctness, it was from this hour that his first thoughts of a separation dated, and not, as has been related, from his discovery of some escapade in Switzerland. But it all ended in his death.

Judge Haliburton.

The author of The Clockmaker or Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville was born in 1796, and educated at King's College, Windsor, N.S. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820. His industry and ability earned him promotion, first to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas and next to the position of Judge of the Supreme Court. His Clockmaker was originally written in the form of sketches in a newspaper. In politics he was a Conservative, and late in life represented a constituency in the English House of Commons. His death took place in 1865.



A writer in St. John (N.B.) *Progress*, under the heading A New Book on Judge Haliburton, says:—

"The title of this article might seem to imply that works on the subject of the Clockmaker were common. In so far as it does so it is a misnomer. Excepting a paragraph in the Encyclopædia Britannica, a confused and misleading table in Morgan's Bibliotheca Canadensis, fugitive allusions in contemporary literature, and, within the last four years, newspaper reports of lectures, definite information about Judge Haliburton is very scarce. Probably no man who has made his mark in the literature of his country so strong and sure as Haliburton has gained less than he from the labors of editor, critic and biographer.

"Haliburton has been dead well on to a quarter of a century without anything like so much as a passable memoir of him being prepared by any of those who knew him and among whom he moved. He had no literary executor, no clique to battle for his opinions, no friend even to collect and edit his scattered works, which have been left to make their own way. The books have had to hustle for themselves, the opinions to be used by those who could understand and appreciate them. Now at length, although Mr. Crofton modestly disclaims the toil and honors of a biographer, we have to announce the appearance within a few weeks of a competent study of Haliburton. The Haliburton club, of Windsor, N.S., have arranged with Mr. F. Blake Crofton, provincial librarian, to publish his Study of Haliburton, The Man and Writer, which work engaged the attention of the Nova Scotia Historical Society on two evenings last winter with great acceptance. This is no off-hand performance, but a carefully matured estimate of

Henry M. Stanley.
The African Explorer.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—CONTINUED.

At the sound of that familiar air the young gentleman below glanced up at her for one smile, took off his hat, and bowed in response to this musical recognition of his nationality.

Then he, too, gave a start and changed color, while Belle, with another cry of pleasure, bounded forward with outstretched hand, exclaiming:

"Why, Mr. Osborn! where did you come from?"

"From the sweet land of liberty, of course, Miss Belle," he replied, clasping her hand cordially and raising his hat again.

"Why, how could you?—I did not know—I thought——"

Belle stammered, blushed crimson, then stopped in confusion, as she found that she was thinking aloud.

The young man laughed lightly, although an expression of bitterness curled his lips.

"You thought that, since I was only a poor clerk in Macy's, I could ill afford a trip abroad; least of all to come to high-toned, expensive Brighton to idle away my time," he said, smilingly, completing her sentence for her.

"Why, yes—I did think that," Belle confessed with refreshing frankness, "for you used to tell me that you were very poor after your father died, and it was after you discovered that he had lost all his money. I was very sorry for you then, Mr. Osborn."

"Thank you, Miss Belle; I believe you were sincerely so, and almost the only one of all my fair weather friends who did not give me the cold shoulder. I have always regarded you as my kind-hearted little sympathizer. I am sure, however, that but it was a good thing to have the gilded props pulled from beneath me," he continued, cynically; "it is a test to prove who were my true friends, and threw me upon my own resources. I hope," he added, more earnestly, "that I shall be a better man all my life for it."

"But was it all a mistake?" questioned Belle, with more of curiosity than regard for etiquette. "Have you got your money back again?"

"No; the failure of the house of Osborn was no mistake; it was a sad, sad, and a stern reality," he answered; "but I was fortunate enough to have an old bachelor uncle, somewhere on the other side of the world, who—though I never saw him—left all his money to his hair-brained nephew, simply because he happened to be named for him."

"Oh, wasn't that just splendid!" cried Belle with hearty sympathy; "and I only hope that he had piles of it."

Again the young man laughed, for her girlish curiosity and genuine enthusiasm and good will amused him immensely.

"How are your mother and sister?" she added, suddenly remembering to inquire for them.

"My mother is dead, Miss Belle, and Nellie is married," he replied, with an involuntary sigh.

"And that leaves you all alone," she remarked, regretfully. "I am sorry. But you'll come to call upon us, won't you, Mr. Osborn, before you leave Brighton?"

"Yes, thank you, I intend to do so. I hope that Mrs. and Miss Stewart are quite well."

"Yes, mamma and Helena are always well. We live at Crescent Villa, and you can easily find it. But—you were going out that way," she interposed, as the old sailor, his companion, seemed to be growing impatient of delay, "and I must not keep you. Be sure you come to see us soon; it seems good to meet a friend from home."

"Thank you again, my little friend; it is certainly very pleasant to me to receive such a hearty greeting in a strange land," replied Mr. Osborn, his eyes lighting with real pleasure at her outspoken cordiality.

Then he bade her good-morning, and turned to follow his companion to their boat, which lay at the landing only a few steps below.

"I think he is just as nice as he can be," Belle said, as she went back to her friend.

"Who is he?" Marie asked.

"A gentleman from New York where we used to live. His father was thought to be very rich a few years ago, but he died very suddenly, and everybody was amazed to find that his wealth was a delusion. I suppose that Willie was so brave about it that I just wished he had been my brother, so that I could have shown people how proud I was of him. He gave up everything, even to his own diamond studs, and then, to support his mother and sister, went as a bookkeeper into Macy's—that's a great store something like Peter Robinson's in London. But people who had made a pet of him when he was rich dropped him, all of a sudden, as if he had committed an outrage against society, instead of being the grandest, noblest fellow among them all. I don't understand things," Belle continued, with a disconsolate sigh; "somehow the world seems all wrong; people who don't amount to anything of themselves, but who have lots of money behind them to aid them, while some one like Mr. Osborn, who is really worth a hundred of them, is shut out in the cold for being poor. Then just think of dear Hazel, who is innocent as a lamb of any wrong; but because she happens to be a poor girl, with hardly any friends to defend her, nobody will believe what she says, and she may have to go to prison, and be robbed of the only treasure that she possesses, besides. Oh, dear!" and the young girl sighed heavily as if she was discouraged trying to solve these troublesome problems of life.

"I feel very sorry for Miss Gay," Marie remarked thoughtfully, "and I believe if mamma had known of her trouble she would have tried to do something to help her, for she thinks that she is very lovely."

"Isn't it a strange story about her being rescued from that sinking vessel, and never being able to find out to whom she belongs?" questioned Belle, for whom Hazel's romantic history possessed infinite charms.

"Yes," Marie returned, thoughtfully, "but not more strange than——"

"Than what?" demanded Belle.

Marie searched her friend's face earnestly for a moment before replying, then she said:

"I would like to tell you something, Belle, that I have never yet told any one, but it is a secret, and I should not like you to speak of it to any one else."

"Indeed, I would not, Marie," Belle returned looking both interested and surprised.

"Well, then," Marie continued, "Miss Gay's history is no more strange than my own, for mamma saved me from perhaps a worse fate even than she was rescued from."

"Why, what do you mean, Marie Earlescourt," demanded Belle, sitting erect and regarding her friend in astonishment, "aren't you Mrs. Earlescourt's own daughter?"

"No; I do not even know my own name."

"Why! why! why!" said Belle, breathlessly.

"I suppose, since you are an American, that you have heard about the dreadful Chicago fire," Marie remarked, inquiringly.

"Yes, indeed! and, oh!——" Belle began, excitedly, but her friend went on:

"Well, mamma was in Chicago at that time; she has always said that she believes that she would have lost her life then but for papa, who, though he was not married to her at that time, saved her when she was in great danger. While they were trying to get out of the burning city together, they came across me—I was all alone in that frightened, shrieking crowd, and crying as if my heart would break for my own mamma, from whom I must have been separated in the panic. Mamma says they took me into the carriage with them and afterward to some friends of her, where she took refuge, and where for weeks she advertised in different papers trying to find my parents. But nobody ever came to claim me, and she finally concluded that they must have perished in the flames. Mamma had lost her own little girl only the year before, and so she adopted me in her place, and has been the dearest mother to me that ever lived. I do not, of course, remember much about that dreadful time, and I can hardly realize that I do not really belong to her, for I love her with my whole heart—every bit as well as if she were my own child."

Belle drew a spasmodic breath as her friend concluded, while her face was very pale and her eyes big with suppressed excitement.

"I was in that Chicago fire, too," she said, "and——"

"You!" exclaimed Marie, in turn astonished.

"Yes, but of course I do not remember anything about it, for I was only a baby. Mamma was visiting there with my sister and me, and it was only a little while after papa died, and she could tell you what a dreadful time it was. The fire came upon us like a hurricane, in the middle of the night, and we had only time to jump out of the house before it was in flames. Mamma seized me in her arms and shrieked to the nurse, who was in the next room, to bring my sister. She says that they all left the house together, but, in the hurrying, rushing crowd the nurse and my sister got separated from the rest of the family, and no one ever knew what became of them."

"What!" cried Marie, in a voice of horror, "were they killed?"

"Yes, or they were supposed to have been. Mamma was so frantic over it that she was thrown into a fever and nearly died, and though her friends searched for weeks for the nurse and my sister, they never could learn anything of them, and finally gave them both up as dead."

"Oh, then it was your sister I imagined it must be her of whom you were speaking," said Marie, it just having occurred to her that it must have been some other child.

"No; Helena was with her nurse and grandmamma. Mamma only went to Chicago for a change, she was so unhappy over papa's death, and her friends thought she might be able to cheer her a little; but it only resulted in a double grief," Belle explained.

"How very sad!" said Marie, with a sigh, "and I suppose there were a great many such cases. How old was this little sister?"

"Only about three years; she was between Helena and me," Belle replied.

"Oh! what was her name?" Marie cried, in a breathless voice.

"Anna May; but mamma always called her simply 'May.'"

Marie Earlescourt sprang to her feet, with a startled cry, at this.

"May! Belle!" she gasped, "I was only three years old—my name was 'May,' and I—I—believe that—I am your sister!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SECRET OF MARIE'S BIRTH FULLY EXPLAINED.

After uttering the startling exclamation with which they revealed their relationship, the girl sank back again upon the rock, almost devoid of strength, and as white as the mull tie about her neck.

Belle sat staring at her in speechless amazement for a moment; then she bent suddenly forward and threw her arms around her, exclaiming:

"Marie! Marie! do you know what you are saying? I am sure you must be crazy; and yet—oh! come, put my finger, bearing the initials F. to M." Marie answered.

Mrs. Stewart threw her arms around her.

"There can be no doubt now!" she said. "That little birthmark, I used to say in jest, about your own age, in Chicago, and on your birthday, which occurred during our visit there."

She could say no more, but burst into a passion of weeping that almost convulsed her.

Her thoughts rapidly reviewed all the past—the sorrow of her early life, the blow that had deprived her of a fond husband and left her with three little children to rear; when, broken in health by grief, she had come to that great city of the west for rest and change, only to be met by another terrible affliction in the loss of her little child, who, she believed, had died a cold and unfeeling death among the treasures of destruction from which she had barely escaped herself.

The memories of all this, together with the excitement and revelations of the morning, served to unnerve her completely, while she could not but realize, if Marie were indeed the little daughter whom she had long fondly believed dead, what a poor return she had made the woman who had rescued and so tenderly cared for her; who had taken her home and fage that money could procure, and by care, and patience, and love, succeeded in developing a noble and lovable character from the very faulty little girl whom she remembered. She was conscience-smitten and humiliated when she contrasted all this with her own cold and unfeeling treatment of Hazel in her recent trouble, and she wept until she had strength to weep no more.

"I am afraid that Mrs. Earlescourt will never forgive me!" she exclaimed, when she could control herself sufficiently to speak.

"Why, mamma, what a speech! What can you mean?" Belle demanded, in surprise, while Marie's heart sank within her; for she interpreted Mrs. Stewart's remark to mean that she intended to claim her, and forced to incur Mrs. Earlescourt's displeasure for that.

She felt that, even if Mrs. Stewart was her own mother, it would be cruel to realize the fact for a long time, for she had not been very much attracted toward the gay woman of fashion, while, on the other hand, she was deeply attached to her parents by adoption, from whom a separation would cause her keenest pain.

"I mean that I owe Mrs. Earlescourt more than I can ever repay, for her goodness and love to my child and your sister, Belle," Mrs. Stewart returned, "while I am conscious of having done her and hers a bitter wrong."

Both girls looked surprised at this mysterious assertion.

"What wrong can you have possibly done, mamma?" Marie, asked, gently. "I have supposed that you were very friendly with each other."

"We have been, and I have greatly admired Mrs. Earlescourt; she is a beautiful example for my children to follow, and I would not willingly have done anything to wound her; but I have—I have ruthlessly persecuted and almost made a criminal of her own daughter."

"What nonsense are you saying, mamma!" Belle demanded, impatiently.

"I am sure I cannot understand you," Marie said, perplexed, and almost fearing that this unexpected denouement was affecting Mrs. Stewart's brain.

"Have you not heard? Has no one told you about Hazel and the termination of the suit?" asked Mrs. Stewart, surprised, for she supposed all Brighton knew it by this time.

"No; we have seen no one. We have been down on the rocks all day. Poor Hazel! I had almost forgotten about her in the excitement of this wonderful story. Do tell us, mamma, what they have done about her!" cried Belle, eagerly.

"Hazel has been acquitted," her mother returned.

The young girl executed a marvelous pirouette, indicative of ecstatic joy, at this announcement, while her face shone, and her eyes gleamed with delight.

"Oh, how was it?—I can never wait for you to tell me in this slow way," she cried. "Did Doctor Morton's evidence clear her?"

"No; Doctor Morton's evidence amounted to nothing of itself; some one else presented testimony that exonerated her, at the last moment."

"Was it the real thief!" interrupted Belle, almost hysterically.

"It was the woman one who identified the necklace beyond question—Hazel's own mother!"

"Oh, mamma!" gasped Belle, sinking on her knees beside her mother, overcome by this startling statement. "Oh, the wonders of this day! But what could have been the reason that did it happens? Where did the woman come from? Who is she?"

"Hush, child!" chided her mother, smiling in spite of her heavy heart at this fire of eager questions. "Hazel's mother is—Mrs. Earlescourt!"

Belle and Marie both regarded Mrs. Stewart in speechless amazement for a moment, and then they turned their wondering faces to each other, entirely unable to comprehend strange an assertion.

Mrs. Stewart then proceeded to relate all that had occurred in the court-room, and the effect it had resulted in the acquittal and release of Hazel.

Both girls listened with the closest attention, for to them it was a romance of the rarest type; and when at last the narrator finished her tale, Marie looked up with shining, eager eyes, remarking:

"I am happy for mamma! How thankful she must be to find her own daughter—and such a daughter, too!"

Mrs. Stewart turned to the beautiful girl, greatly moved.

"And I also—am not I thankful to have found such a daughter, too?" she said, tremulously. "Do you think Mrs. Earlescourt will ever forgive me for my treatment of Hazel—for turning her away from my home when I should have shielded and helped her, even as the duchess has done?"

"I am sure she will," replied Marie, earnestly. "Let me go to her and tell her to know how glad I am for her, and—I must tell her about myself, too."

Mrs. Stewart arose and took the fair girl in her arms.

"My dear, are you glad of the discovery you have made to-day? Are you glad to know that you will hardly believe it," she asked, searching her flushed face.

"Yes," she answered, tremulously, but the sweet voice faltered.

She was glad on some accounts, but, oh! so wretched on others.

"Shall you be willing to come to me, Marie?"

Mrs. Stewart felt sure that she would not, and yet she felt impelled to ask the question.

This was too much for the almost burning heart as it frame to a blow, for she could never recall that terrible experience with any degree of composure, "are you crazy? What are you talking about?"

Marie here interposed.

"Dear Mrs. Stewart, come and sit down, and then we will tell you all about it," she said, gently, while she moved a low rocker forward for her.

The woman mechanically sank into it, her eyes searching with startled scrutiny the beautiful lovely face of the girl whom she had hitherto believed to be the daughter of the distinguished Mrs. Earlescourt.

Both girls seated themselves beside her, and then Marie, in her self-contained way, related something of the conversation between herself and Belle which had taken place, and the inference which they had drawn from it.

"I believe it is true!" the woman asserted, with trembling lips, when the young girl had finished, while she took her hand and drew her toward her, and studied her features, with eager, hungry eyes; "it seems as if it must be true. Has Mrs. Earlescourt saved anything that you wore at that time?"

"Yes, my clothing and a little ring, which she took from

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE NATURE OF A CRISIS.

Once at least in his history there comes to every man an affliction, a disaster, a great love or a great hate which turns the whole tide of his life. The condition he is in, the surroundings he has, the means of escape, relief or peace which first offer to him are more pregnant with greatness if result than a direct physical or mental effect of the crucial trial itself. We are often told about affliction purifying the heart, but after all it is nothing but a bewilderment which makes us look for a new path, any path which happens to offer. Of course it depends partly on the person, but no one at such a time, no matter how strong, passes by the avenue of escape through rocks or over high mountains or through the tangled forest. The strong nature may refuse the first thing that offers, or on trying the first path may return to its misery rather than pursue it, but bearing in mind these conditions, one can understand that portion of the fatalist's creed which declares that one's life is mapped out by the gods at our birth, and struggle as we may, we cannot escape from their decrees. The strongest evidence opposed to this idea is supposed to be furnished by the sudden changes in men's lives when to the onlooker their course seems to have been suddenly diverted and made to run in an almost opposite direction. To those who do not understand the motives which impelled the first half of such a life or the circumstances which change it, the fact of so great a change being made excites admiration for the strength of character which could accomplish it, and makes one believe that fate is entirely in one's own hands.

The impulses which caused Dell Browning's change of conduct were partially known to Tully, but even that which he saw he misinterpreted, though its effect upon him was not perhaps reduced thereby. He thought she loved him, and vaguely imagined that his attentions to Mrs. King had perhaps had the effect of convincing her that she cared for him. He supposed that until she imagined she was about to lose him she had not known her own heart; that she had betrayed the weakness of womankind in loving most that which seems least accessible, did not make her less lovely in his eyes. Some men have a wonderful affinity for bad women. In the hands of women who are not good nor altogether wicked, and as to the control of men are strong, weak men are taught occasionally to approach greatness. Again women are not really lovable to certain men until they betray femininety. Stephen Tully, by what seemed a sudden reversal of Dell's liking for him and a womanly weakness which could forgive what she could not excuse in him, and a tender mess which at the moment of decision pleaded and won his case, was lifted from the depths of despair to a sight of the heaven he thought he had lost. In the old days when he exulted in his strength, it would have brought a smile of self conceit and heartless satisfaction, but now love had been denied him so long, he had suffered so much, he had abandoned the cyhical path where his self-love could not be injured, and he had partially separated himself from his old companions because their raillery was so bitter, and he had been in such a maze of perplexity, that the brightness of her smile was heaven to him it seemed so great in comparison with her past treatment of him that, at once, like a storm-tossed ship, he felt with gratitude that he was riding in smooth water, though the thought that his happiness and security were but momentary brought a crowning bitterness. If what Killick told him were true, his carelessness had been the cause of the loss of a considerable portion of Dell's fortune. He did not think so meanly of her as to imagine that the loss of a few thousands of dollars could estrange them, but he feared that his dereliction of duty would frighten her. He knew, too, that Killick was at the bottom of the fraud, and that he had not yet revealed the strongest and most strangling meshes he had woven.

As Tully walked rapidly away from 25 Mowburn street, the first joy of his reconciliation with Dell slipped rapidly away from him, and he began to feel Killick's coarse fingers encircling his throat. And Cora! He could not but think of her. Would Dell's love for him be strong enough to forgive his misadventures with his handsome bookkeeper? How much would Cora dare attempt in order to separate them?

He was in the breakers again; the brightness was behind him, everything beyond him gloom.

Yet, what had he to fear? Had not Dell at last relented, and did not her apparent forgiveness include everything? Truly, the loss of her money, which was the only one of his recent sins unknown or unsuspected by her, would not appear so heinous as many others, which had not proven unpardonable.

He had resolved to tell her what Killick had said; to ask her forgiveness. He had already made two ineffectual attempts, but she had skilfully turned the subject. In spite of everything he began to be hopeful again, and strength came to him in the shape of a resolution to discover just how far Killick had ensnared him and what Dell's losses would be. This determination involved a somnambulism within the line of his experience. Professionally he knew himself to be clever; as a worker, when he liked, he was indefatigable, and now that he had set himself a task he undertook it with alacrity, and determined that the morning of the morrow would see him bearding the lion in his den, demanding from Killick what proofs he had, denouncing him as a conspirator and daring him to go an inch further.

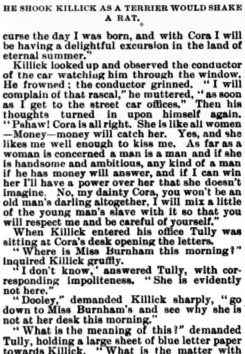
In the morning Tully hardly felt so brave, but he had love's eagerness in his heart and could not bear to defer the conflict which was to decide where he stood in the firm of Killick & Tully and in his love-making with Dell.

Killick came down late. The brandy he drank the night before in his private room, when Cora had obtained possession of the Moore will together with the excitement, had made him over-sleep himself, and when at half-past ten he reached the office he was not in the sweetest of humors. Though he had walked most of the way, when in the car comparing his position, he was alone and had opportunity for reflection and self examination. He knew he had made an utter ass of himself, and yet it made no difference; he had calculated to act just as he did. Killick was the sort of a man who was willing to make a fool of himself with avidity if he could find pleasure in that way. Men That he had almost been free from folly was simply because he had been able to see no pleasure in it. There are plenty of men who live and die staid and virtuous, because they have never been able to find amusement in forbidden paths, fear and inexperience having made their initiation into anything but delightful. Custom and social and religious surroundings seemed so much preferable after some escapade in a strange city that they had returned to the fold wiser from their little coltish pranks in forbidden fields, but perchance if some experienced tempter, a man of the world and intimate friend of vice, had led these men by the hand to the allurements where danger and detection need not have been feared, and hilarity and reckless disregard for the morrow had prevailed, they had been forevermore enamored of the ways of wickedness.

Killick's experiences of this sort had begun when wealth had been accumulated, and were not of such a flattering description that he dared either trust himself or those with whom he might mingle in a career of folly, yet he had formed a taste for a life which he had not hitherto enjoyed, and his idea was that with the beautiful Cora, he could spend the rest of his days in delightful dallyings and visions of wickedness and travels in which he would be the envied but watchful husband. He was worn out, embittered, and anything that offered him a change, a new pleasure, was temptation enough. He was thoroughly convinced that he was making a fool of himself, and that if he did not make a fool of himself in some manner he would find that he had set apart a portion of his life for that sort of thing and calculated that he was now ready to enter in upon it.

Twinges of neuralgia and a disordered digestion made him sullen. A recollection that he had some old scores to settle before he flitted to Europe with his fair mistress, made his crackling lips settle themselves into a fierce and curveless line. He must get rid of Tully and complete the financial ruin of the daughter of his old enemy, Col. Moore, too, must be dispossessed and humiliated before he could feel that the firm of Moore & Killick—though it had not existed for thirty years—had been properly dissolved. The thought that all his revenges had been so astutely prepared and that his enemies were within his hand, made him smack his lips, a disgusting sight, for their fevered surfaces adhered to one another, and he seemed to tear them apart with a crackling noise. What a revolting spectacle he was, as he sat alone in the down-town car, his hands clasped over the head of his umbrella, his meaty eyes dulled as his soul looked in upon himself with thoughts which deepened the lines of villainy about his eyes, and nose, and mouth.

"I will attend to Tully first! I will give him his walking ticket this morning," he thought, "and before my notice expires I will have him tangled so fast that he cannot resist. Next week I will pull the props from under that loan society and see it come down and crush that haughty old aristocrat, Kingsville. Yes, and bring down some of Digby Browning's wealth, too, and Col. Moore will have to walk the plank the week after! I will start the suit against him just before I sail. Yes, my fine fellows, you can call me 'warty Killick,' but I will make you all sorry! Yes, you will all



HE SHOOK KILLICK AS A TERRIER WOULD SHAKE A RAT.

curse the day I was born, and with Cora I will be having a delightful excursion in the land of eternal summer."

Killick looked up and observed the conductor of the car watching him through the window. He frowned; the conductor grinned. "I will complain of that rascal," he muttered, "as soon as I get to the street car offices." Then his thoughts turned in upon himself again. "Pshaw! Cora is all right. She is like all women. —Money—money will catch her. Yes, and she likes me well enough to kiss me. As far as a woman is concerned a man is a man and if she is handsome and ambitious, any kind of a man if he has money will answer, and if I can why her I'll have a power over her that she doesn't imagine. No, my dainty Cora, you won't be an old man's darling slaughter. I will mix a little of the young man's slave with it so that you will respect me and be careful of yourself."

When Killick entered his office Tully was sitting at Cora's desk opening the letters.

"Where is Miss Burnham this morning?" inquired Killick gruffly.

"I don't know," answered Tully, with corresponding impoliteness. "She is evidently not here."

"Why?" demanded Killick sharply, "go down to Miss Burnham's and see why she is not at her desk this morning."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Tully, holding a large sheet of blue letter paper towards Killick. "What is the matter with the loan company? You told me it was all right the other day when Stryde and I were consulting with you as to investing Miss Browning's money in it."

"Come into my room," snarled Killick; "you are old enough," he whispered, "not to discuss our private business before the clerks."

"Certainly," answered Tully quietly. "I want to have a little talk with you anyway, and now is as good a time as any."

"Yes," hissed Killick; "now is the proper time. I have made up my mind to settle accounts with you to-day, and our conversation has very opportunely led up to it."

When the door had snapped after them, and Killick had tossed his overcoat on a pile of books and placed his hat on the desk, he seated himself in his chair and began. "Now, Stephen Tully, state your grievances, and do it damn quick, for I am going to begin mine."

Tully's left hand was shoved deep into his trowsers pocket, while in his right hand he held the handful of letters, the blue sheet, a fluttering reflex of the agitation which consumed him. "I see by this letter, which corroborates the villainy of the statement you made the other day regarding the title of the property in question, that you have been leading me to invest my client's money in worthless securities. I want to know right now exactly what this means. It seems not only a conspiracy against me, but against Miss Browning. You claim to have me in your power. You can do with me as you please, but this money belongs to a lady and I will make their initiatory attempt. Do what you will, but I will be responsible for all I care. If you make a kick, I will make one which will be considerably stronger. As far as Miss Browning is concerned, I am free to inform you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see her earning an honest living by scrubbing down the stairs and cleaning the door-steps of the poor-house. I hate her as I hated her father before her, and her mother before her. The Moore title isn't worth a continental. The property was left by will to the second son, but not to his heirs, and as it was registered before the new act came in force, it reverts to the heirs of the eldest son. Those heirs I intend to put in possession at once. The Trust & Loan Co. is bankrupt, or will be, as soon as my claims are satisfied, and as far as the outside public is concerned, I will inform them that you were aware of the defect in the Moore title and of the rottenness of the Trust & Loan, before you invested Miss Browning's funds, and that you accepted large commissions for betraying your trust."

Tully with a hissing curse threw the letters into a corner of the room, and seizing Killick by the throat shook him as a terrier would shake a rat. "You white-livered scoundrel, if you do as you say, you won't live another hour," but in his fierce rage Tully bethought himself of the sweet face of the woman he loved, and with a savage push he threw the old man into his chair and stood towering before him.

"Killick, I ought to kill you, but I won't. Go on and do your worst. If you pull me down you will come down with me. I refuse to dissolve partnership with you until these things are straightened. I will take other means at once if you refuse, and the benchers shall decide between us." He swung around, opened the door, and stood face to face with Miss Cora Burnham, who was looking exceedingly pretty in a sealskin sacque and handsome bonnet.

"Good morning, Mr. Tully," she exclaimed with unusual sweetness. "Good morning, Mr. Killick; I am glad to meet you together, as I came in this morning to resign my position, and to ask to be relieved from my duties at once."

Killick's collar had been torn by Tully's fierce fingers, and his necktie so badly disarranged that it had lodged under his ears. He was making a desperate effort to adjust it when Cora Burnham's unexpected resignation brought him to his feet.

"What is that you say," he demanded, "want to leave?"

"Yes, I would like to leave this morning. My mother and I have determined to sell out our business and leave the city."

Killick's face turned an ashy hue, and his dull eyes had in them a look of hateful threatening, but with a voice as sweet as honey he begged Cora to sit down and give him a few words in private after Mr. Tully had gone.

"I am in a very great hurry, Mr. Killick, I will see you later," she answered nervously, at the same time keeping by Tully's side. "Nothing could persuade me to remain another hour, so any discussion of the matter would be useless."

"It wouldn't be useless, Miss Burnham, it is a matter of the very greatest importance to you, as well as to me, that you should hear what I have to say.

"I will remain if Mr. Tully stays, if not I must go."

Killick lost his self-possession and grasped at the girl's wrist as if to detain her by force, but Tully took him by the coat collar and led him to his chair. "I won't let you bully her. If you lay a hand on her I will shake the life out of you. Miss Burnham, come to your desk, and I will pay you your salary. You are out of this old reprobate's clutches." Then holding the door open for her to pass out, with a defiant look at the shaken and disordered figure in the chair, he followed.

(To be Continued.)

An Embarrassing Situation.

Several years ago, while Mark Twain was collecting retrospective material for his life on the Mississippi," he stopped, one day, at Arkansaw City. He had, years before, known the place as Campbell's Bend, and somehow, had a desire to poke about unattended by persons who would be likely to break in upon his musings; so, avoiding the committee that had been appointed to receive him, he wandered off into the woods. He thought nothing of the distance he was traversing. There was music among the tree tops, and flowers, rich in deep coloring, perfumed the air. After a long walk he came to a cabin, and, upon entering, found an old and angle-bearded man sitting near the empty fireplace. The old fellow glanced at Twain, and then, springing between the visitor and the door, snatched down a gun, cocked it and said:

"So I've got you, have I?"

"I don't understand you!" Twain gasped.

"Oh, no, I reckon not. Er man never understands a thing when he don't wanter. Didn't stop your steamboat down yander below the bend the other day an' steal sixty sheep that belonged to me, did you?"

"I will swear upon the honor of a gentleman that I did not. I haven't been in this neighborhood before in twenty years."

"Set down thar," Twain obeyed. The old man continued: "It mout have been a good while sence you was here before the other day, but you got here just in time ter steal them sheep an' I'm goin' ter have your skelp. Hear me!"

"My dear sir, you are laboring under a frightful mistake. I never owned a sheep in my life——"

"No, I don't reckon you ever did own one, an' mo'n that, nobody else ain't apt to own nary one whar you hang out. Yas, sah, come right here an' tuck my sheep an' ermong 'em wuz er pet lamb that my little gran'daughter loves better'n she does her life an' she hain't slep' er wink sense fur cryin' about it. Oh, I didn't think, fur I am goin' ter hold you here till my little gal comes an' then I'm goin' to blow yo' head off. It won't be long fo' she comes an' ef you've got any pra'rs that you reckon oughter be said, why yo' better say 'em, that's all."

"My dear sir——"

"Don't 'dear sir' me. I've got you, an' I'm goin' ter use you."

"But how do you know that I stole your sheep?"

"You know how I know it. You know that jest ez soon ez you seed me a comin' you shoved off, an', mo'n that, you shot at me when I jumped in a canoe an' started ter paddle out ter you, w'y, you shot at me. You know all that well enough."

"Merciful heavens!" Twain exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, yas; that's erbout whut I 'lowed, but the boat puffed on away."

A stick snapped outside. "Great heavens!" Twain thought, "is the girl coming?" No, it was only a calf. The expression on the old fellow's face grew harder. There was a cruel twitching about the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, don't you fret, ah'll be here d'reckly."

"My friend," said Twain, with an effort to be calm, "if you will go with me over to Arkansaw City I will prove to you that I would not steal a sheep."

"I don't want no proof that comes frum that place. You'd tell a lie, an' them fellers over thar would sw'ar ter it. I see my little gran' comin' through yander. Ez I said jest now, ef you've got any pra'rs you want said, w'y, I reckon you better say 'em."

"Would you commit murder?"

"Would you steal sheep?"

"Surely not."

"Ah, hah, an' sholy I wouldn't be committin' murder by killin' sich er feller ez you air. Don't move now, fur ef you do I'll drap you. Come, quick, now, befo' the gal comes, tell me if you know who did steal them sheep, that is, ef you didn't."

"I think I do," Twain quickly rejoined, and then, remembering the name of a steamboat engineer whom he had known before the war, he added: "Jo Billings stole your sheep."

The old fellow looked sharply at him, and replied:

"Air you shore?"

"I am certain."

"Was you on his boat at the time?"

"Yes, and tried to keep him from stealing them, but could not."

"Wul you help me find him?"

"Yes."

"Wall, then, scoot. Quick, befo' the gal comes."

When Twain reached Arkansaw City, he found the perplexed and disappointed committee. He was nervous and depressed. While he was standing in the office of the hotel, some one said:

"Mr. Clemens, you used to know Jo Billings, didn't you?"

Twain felt an uneasiness crawling over him. "Yes," he replied.

"There he is."

Twain looked around and started. The old fellow who had held him in the cabin came forward, snorted, and then said:

"Sam, I oughter shot you fur not knowin' me, but I reckon I've changed some. Sheep, w'y, I never had one in my life. Haw, haw! Come fellers, here ter Sam an' his erbility ter still hedge on the truth."

He Was Not Certain.

Hans—Father, which one of the two bears has the bloodthirsty look in his face.

Father (looking around anxiously at the mother)—That—that will probably be the male.

Genuine Sympathy.

The other day a man stood holding to a post on Miami avenue. He was tight. He had to make his weaving way from post to post and tree to tree. As he stood for a moment to get his bearings, a woman came along with a great load of boards on her back and halted for a rest.

"Shee here, ma'am," said the man after looking at her in a cross-eyed way for some time, "that's dog-goned hard that is. That peals to my sympathy, that does. I haven't a cent of money, and I can't spare any of my clothes, but I'll divide my drunk with you if you'll accept, and it's a drunk that cost me s-s-sixty-five shents!"

She Had Returned.

A day or two ago a man walked into the Central station with a black eye, scratched nose and a conquered demeanor, and before he had said a word the sergeant observed:

"Ah! You were here five weeks ago today."

"Yes, sir."

"You came to report that your wife had disappeared."

"I did, sir."

"I told you that she would probably turn up all right."

"You did."

"And she has"

"She has, sir, and the proof is before you."

"Police Court—warrant for assault and battery—good day," added the sergeant.

"All right—go right up—much obliged," replied the man, and off he marched.

A Soft Job for the Angel.

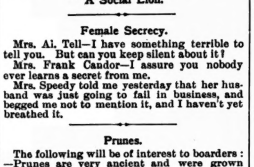
Little Tommy, who has a bald uncle, was very much interested when his mother told him the other day that the hairs of his head were all numbered.

"Is that so with everybody?" asked he.

"Yes," said his mother. "That is what the Bible says."

Tommy pondered for a minute in silence.

"Well," said he, finally, "if the Bible says so, it must be so; but I'll bet the angel who does the counting feels mighty glad when he comes to a man with a head like Uncle Jim's."



A Social Lion.

Female Secrecy.

Mrs. Al. Tell—I have something terrible to tell you. But can you keep silent about it?

Mrs. Frank Candor—I assure you nobody ever learns a secret from me.

Mrs. Speedy told me yesterday that her husband was just going to fail in business, and begged me not to mention it, and I haven't yet breathed it.

Prunes.

The following will be of interest to boarders:—Prunes are very ancient and were grown ages ago in the east. Eleven varieties were known to ancient Roman horticulturists, and in the region around Damascus a vigorous wild variety thrived that was much used as a stock for grafting, and is so used to this day. France got the prune from the Crusaders, and it was cultivated near Clairac by the inmates of a convent. Some of the best and most famous prunes are now grown in the extensive French orchards.

Or His Appetite.

Little Flora, three years old, lives in the country, where pigs are numerous and are in the habit of rubbing or scratching themselves against the fence or anything convenient. Flora saw one indulging in this one day, when she said, "Oh, mamma, there is another pig sharpening himself!"

That Was the Trouble.

"A man once gave me a $5 gold piece for a shine," said the bootblack.

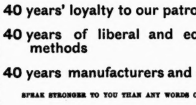
"He must have been very generous," replied Merrit not taking the hint and giving him a nickel.

"No," replied the boy, "he was drunk."

Thoroughly Scientific.

Bartender—Seems to me you are pouring out a pretty big drink for that dime.

Tramp—I drink, sir, because the weather is cold. I want to get warm, and you know it is a well-ascertained scientific fact that "one swallow does not make a summer."



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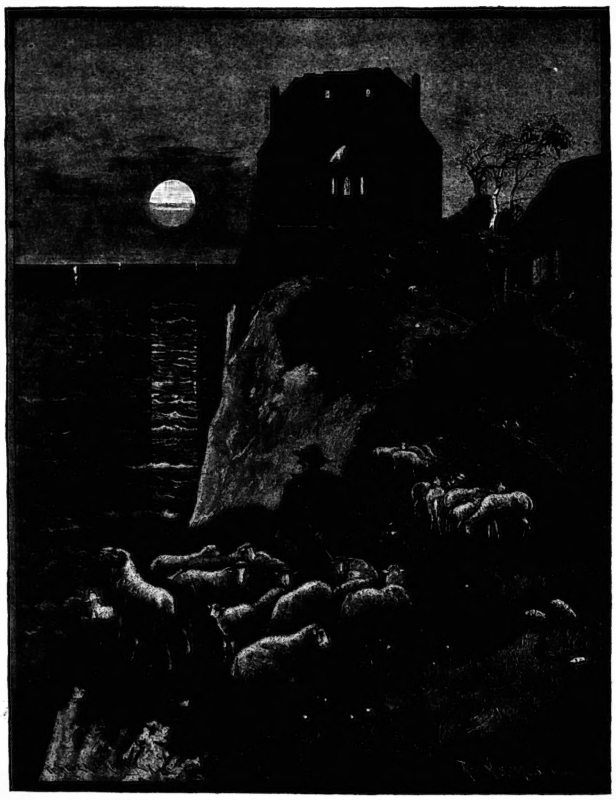

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Society.

(Continued from Page Two)

yellow faille Francais and crepe de chene, white roses; Miss Morphy, Nile green and white; Mrs. Taylor, handsome crimson brocade, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. T. J. Clarke, pale blue silk and gauze; Miss Cameron looked well in white silk and pearl lace; Miss Hatch, terra cotta plush and pink trimmings; Mrs. F. C. Bond, cream silk and lace, flowers poppies; Miss Reba Bunton, black silk and jet; Miss Polson, white faille francais and crepe de chene, natural violets and pansies; Miss Hope, maize satin, gold trimmings, flowers buttercups; the Misses Henderson looked charming in white silk and gauze; Mrs. J. D. Henderson, black silk velvet en train; Miss Spooner, cream silk and lace; Miss Fletcher, black silk and jet; Miss Beckle, cream silk and brocade, natural flowers; Miss Bull, black silk and jet lace, gold ornaments; Miss Courtney, yellow silk draped in white lace, orange ribbons; Miss Marsden, heliotrope poplin and natural flowers; Miss Creighton, pink silk and gauze; Mrs. Gordon, black net embroidered in silver, natural flowers; Miss Hay, cream satin and lace, diamonds; Miss Irving, white silk, silver ornaments and natural flowers; Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, black satin and jet; Miss Carrick, pale blue silk and natural flowers; Mrs. J. H. Macabe, fawn merveilleux and cardinal trimmings, diamonds; Mrs. Charles Beacon, black faille francais handsomely trimmed in jet; Mrs. G. H. Williams, Robin's egg blue silk, veiled in black Chantilly lace, natural flowers; Mrs. Arthur Hill, black silk velvet and Brussels net; Miss Marion Bunton, black net and Nile green trimmings; Mrs. D. A. Rose, white gros green silk, swansdown and pearl trimmings; Mrs. Trow looked well in a directoire dress; Miss Carrie Smith, black silk and gold ornaments; Mrs. Shepley, steel grey merveileux and diamond ornaments; Miss Brammell, white silk with Nile green sash; Miss Warren, cream silk and pearls; Miss Gardiner, white china silk and tulle; Mrs. G. M. Rose, handsome black silk and gold ornaments; Mrs. Sargant, steel grey silk and natural flowers. The stewards were R. W. Bro. R. T. Malone, W. Bro. John Fletcher, W. Bro. C. A. B. Brown, W. Bro. H. A. Taylor. Bro. W. A. Bradshaw, Bro. Geo. A. Kappelle, Bro. G. Maurice Furnival.

•

The St. Andrew's Lodge At Home, Friday evening, January 25, was a most enjoyable affair. Among those present were Col. Wayling, D.D.G.M.; J. A. Willis, G.D.W.; W. C. Wilkinson, H. A. Taylor, Thos. Hills, James Glanville, W. B. McMurrich, R.W. Doane, F. B. Polson, D. Rose, Jr., Alex. Sutherland, J. H. Rowan, R. T. Martin, James Pearson, E. M. Trowern, R. Nolan, R. J. Hickson, M. Lowndes, T. Adams, Wm. Anderson, E. T. Watson, Ben Allen, G. D. McConkey, S. Finch, E. Merritt, J. M. Ridley, F. W. Barrett, J. H. McNee, J. E. Rogers, J. B. Miller, J. W. Stanley, A. R. McDonald, T. T. Slater, C. C. Edmunds, J. J. Hegman, H. B. Brough, E. T. Ryan, G. Taylor, C. S. Shepley, C. A. B. Brown, Chas. Brown, Jr., Alf. Dixon, E. A. Simpson, R. M. Simpson, J. K. Logan, James Simpson, W. Lawson, H. Manley, George Pearsall, G. S. Lyon, J. M. Briggs, J. Macgregor, D. A. McKenzie, A. Doherty, Geo. Toye, Geo. McGuire, Sam Toye, J. Wallace, Fred Harrington, W. Merrett, J. W. Marks, L. C. Macklin, C. J. Townsend, T. A. Rowan, M. A.; F. C. Daniel, H. S. Hunter, W. Fisher, J. Fisher, L. H. Willmott, A. E. Brownlee, A. Aronsberg, J. E. Abbott, R. C. Sinclair, J. D. Bayley, Ald. Verrall, M. McLeod, G. M. Rose, L. G. Wickham, M. H. Wilson, W. J. McBride, J. L. Coffee, Mrs. Tom Sargent, W. G. Begg of Coilingwood, Thomas Hurst, Miss Higman, Miss Grand, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Crawford, Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Brownlee, Miss M. Gardiner, Miss Grand, Mrs. Verrall, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Hurst, Miss Clark, Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson, Miss Fogg of Lindsay, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lottie Black, Miss Bickett, Miss Lili Logan, Mrs. Tom Sargant, Mrs. Doane, Miss Lottie Stark, Miss Stark, Miss Daisy Logan, Mrs. Aronsburg, Mrs. Tom Adams, Miss Arnott, Miss McEachren, Mrs. L. C. Macklen, Miss Macklen, Miss L. Taggart, Miss Taggart, Miss Polson, Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mrs. Henry Taylor, Miss Annie Fox, Mrs. Trowern.

•

I noticed a few dresses:—Mrs. Tom Adams, pink satin, Brussels point lace; Miss Mc Eachren, white satin and white lace; Miss Beckett, black silk and lace trimmings, Mrs. Geo. McConkey, black satin, jet trimmings, Mrs. Higman, satin and pink, dark pink trimmings; Miss Mabel Gardiner, white satin silk; Mrs. Aronsberg, red satin, black lace, trimmed with red ostrich feathers; Mrs. Thompson, black satin, jet trimmings; Mrs. Grand, black Merveilleux, apple green trimmings; Miss Fogg, garnet satin, black lace; Miss Brownlu, black silk, jet trimmings; Miss Higman, pale blue satin and olive green plush; Mrs. Finch, cream cashmere and satin; Miss Bradley, fawn and brown cashmere; Miss Crawford, black silk, black lace trimmings; Mrs. J. T. Fisher, white satin and green velvet; Mrs. Phil Fisher, white satin *en traine*; Mrs. E. Merritt, blue satin; Mrs. R. G. McGuire, gray silk, steel trimmings; Miss. M. McGuire, salmon faille; Mrs. Nelson, black satin, black and white silk; Mrs. Porter, black and gold; Mrs. R. Nolan, light blue silk, pearl trimmings; Miss Lydon, black lace tulle.

•

The Parkdale Cricket Club Colts will hold their first annual ball on February 8, in Victoria Hall.

•

During the sleighing season it has been hard to decide between Miss Beatty and Miss Beardmore with her gay tandem, as to who should be queen of the road.

•

The University College Literary and Scientific Society hold their annual conversazione on Friday, February 15.

A Letter from Dr. Wild.

TORONTO, January 24, 1889.

Sheppard Publishing Company.

Thanks for little book—The Storm of '92. I have read it and really enjoyed it, as you may know, as I do, for I was sorry when I came to the end. I felt a great desire to have more, and read on. The story is pure and loyal.

Yours kindly,
JOSEPH WILD.

Personal.

Mr. H. J. Clarke of Copp, Clarke & Co., sailed last Thursday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Williams left on the Cienfuegos January 31 for Nassau, N.P.

The Misses Beardmore left on the steamship Trinidad on Thursday, January 31, for Bermuda.

Sir Donald Smith, M.P., accompanied by Sir George Baden Powell, M.P. for Liverpool, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. Massey of the Western Canada Loan has returned from Winnipeg where he has been on business.

The Smith scholarship of $50 at Knox College was awarded to J. McP. Scott, B.A., and the Janet Fenwick prize of $12 to W. R. McIntosh.

Mr. J. T. Hawke, editor and proprietor of the Moncton, N. B., *Transcript*, and at one time of the *Globe*, has been in the city for the past week.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kerrison at 218½ Gerrard street east was the scene of jollification on Monday last, being the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding.

That Mr. W. D. Matthews was elected president of the Board of Trade was due to the foolish friends of Mr. Wilkie, particularly Mr. Darling and Mr. A. M. Smith.

Mr. Edward Farrer of the *Mail* is somewhat better, but he is still very ill. Under the most favorable circumstances he will not be able to do any work for three months.

The members of Mr. H. C. Dixon's Bible class of the Church of the Ascension Sunday school held a very successful At Home on Tuesday night in the school-room of the church.

Prof. W. G. Alexander recently appointed to the chair of English in the University is a brother-in-law of Mr. B. E. Walker of the Bank of Commerce, and a cousin of the late Principal Buchan of Upper Canada College.

Mr. F. H. Torrington of this city, director of Toronto College of Music has been presented with a gold medal by the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, London England, in recognition of his services to music.

In the parlors of the Young Women's Christian Guild, 203 Yonge street, on Saturday evening, there will be a free concert under the direction of Mr. F. Warrington. There will be a collection in aid of the furnishing fund.

The numerous friends of Lieut. Cooper, 12th York Rangers, assembled at the Union depot Tuesday evening to wish him bon-voyage upon his departure, by way C. P. R., for Chicago. Mr. Cooper intends entering upon a law course.

Mr. W. Park of Park & Co., secretary Young Toronto Lacrosse Club, was presented by the members (upon the eve of becoming a benedict) with a handsome silver tea service, the young lady of his choice being Miss Annie Cornish. The wedding took place on Wednesday evening, January 30.

The fourth annual meeting of the Artillery Association will be held at the Rossin House, Tuesday, February 5, at eleven o'clock, a.m. Besides the annual report the members will discuss the proposed changes of constitution, as published in the *Canadian Militia Gazette*. L. Homfray is secretary.

At the Montreal hotels rooms have been engaged for the carnival week for many Toronto people, among them being Sir Alexander Campbell and party, W. Hawke and wife, Dugald McMurchy and party of three, J. H. Beatty and party, John Earls and party of four, Hector Cameron and party of four, F. W. Foxcroft and party of four.

The following gentlemen were entertained at dinner by Mr. G. W. Badgerow and Mrs. Badgerow on Thursday evening, the 24th ult. Judge McDougall, Sheriff Widdifield, J. K. Kerr, N. G. Bigelow, W. R. Brock, D. Creighton, John Leys, G. B. Smith, Dr. Gilmour, Chas. Taylor, E. E. Sheppard, J. Totten, J. P. Bull, R. L. Patterson, T. C. Irving, Fred C. Mowat.

A Correction.

97 Carlton Street,
TORONTO, January 31, 1889.

Editor Saturday Night.

DEAR SIR,—In perusing the SATURDAY NIGHT of January 26, I came across an article in reference to myself. I do not think that it is strictly honorable to sail under false colors, therefore I find it my duty to correct a statement attributed to me. I did not say that I was the first in Toronto to use porcelain crowns. The porcelain crowns were probably used before I was born. My practice has not its foundation on fiction, but on good, practical work. Thanking you for allowing me to use this valuable space in your paper,

I remain,
Yours etc.,
C. V. SNELGROVE.

The Coming Shows.

The Fugitive will be presented at the Grand Opera House the first three evenings of next week. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the new American Opera Company will be the attraction at the Grand.

At the Toronto Opera House that bundle of comicalities, entitled We, Us & Company, will be given next week.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Stovel & Co., who have reopened their business at 73 King street west, and as they have materially reduced their expenditure and have cast aside the old system of long credit, are prepared to sell at a greatly reduced price. As ladies' tailors they have the confidence of Toronto.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

The study of languages has received a tremendous impetus by the establishment of a branch of the celebrated Berlitz schools at 81 King street east. The head professors, Dr. Coutellier and Lieutenant von Levetzow, are decided acquisitions to Toronto's teaching faculty.

Mr. Gladstone on French Novels.

Mrs. Crawford of Paris, in an article on M. Zola, in the January *Contemporary*, records the following remarks which Mr. Gladstone made to her last summer: "France still suffers from the government she had from the time of Henry IV.'s assassination down to the break up of the old monarchy. It was the worst government that ever a civilized European people cursed with, and was not only despotic, but corrupt and corrupting. I look upon it as the origin of most of the evils from which the French as a nation have suffered in our time. France has had, since the Revolution, alternations of good and bad government. She now seems restless and fevered. But it is not so much her political troubles that make me fear for her. What gives me apprehension is the school of foul novelists that have arisen, and are, by all accounts, making their way. The French novel was never so bad a dissolvent as it is now of all that binds a people into a progressive nation. I am told that the more grossly immoral the novel is, the better it sells. Is this so?"

He Sacrificed.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked a sweet-faced girl on the ferry boat the other day of a gentleman as the boat was about to start.

"Oh, no," he gallantly replied as he took a seat beside her.

"But the boat may be crushed by the ice!" she gasped as she nestled closer.

"If it is, I will sacrifice my life to save you."

Twenty minutes later he was hunting up and down Woodward avenue with a policeman, looking for sweet-face. His watch was gone.

They Don't Speak.

"What's the matter between you and Johnson?" he queried as they dropped off the car.

"Oh, we don't speak," was the reply.

"Money matters?"

"No."

"Politics or religion?"

"No. You see we were both after the same girl. I drew off and let him marry her, and he has never forgiven me for it."

"Why, he ought to be greatly obliged to you!"

"Had he? Well, perhaps. He's had to support her family ever since and a car load of her relations came in only yesterday. No, I don't expect he will ever forgive me."

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

CHARITY BALL

For the Benefit of the Protestant Orphans' Home, to be held in the

Horticultural Gardens Pavilion

ON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

AT NINE O'CLOCK

Under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke.

Lady Patronesses—Mrs. John Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Fred Denison, Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. W. B. M. Murrich, Mrs. Dickson.

Stewards—Messrs. G. Montagu-White, E. C. Rutherford, Stephen Heward, A. R. Capreol, W. Crossland, W. W. Vickers, Gamble Geddes, Leonard McMurray, A. J. Hollyer, F. J. Lightbourne, Dugald McMurchy, John Dudgeon, W. H. Blake, Stuart Morrison, J. P. Hodgins, Mervyn McKenzie, Audrey Hoskins, H. E. Boulton.

Tickets—Ladies, $1 50; gentlemen, $2; gallery, 50c. May be had from any of the Stewards or I. Suckling & Son's piano warerooms, J. E. Ellis & Co., jewelers, cor. King and Yonge streets. Tickets must be obtained from the above places or Stewards, as none but gallery tickets will be sold at the door.

Volunteers and members of yacht clubs are requested to appear in uniform.

REGINALD LOCKHART, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

WEEK

Commencing Feb. 4

MATINEES

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

The Greatest of All Comedy Successes

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Popular Prices 10, 20, 30 & 50c.

A Superlatively Whimsical Musical Absurdity in Three Acts

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Is where you get your Dinners, Evening Parties, Lunches, Banquets and Wedding Breakfasts supplied, no matter where you live. Send for estimates.

Wedding Cakes Our Specialty

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

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For all family purposes it has no equal, in point of ease, rapidity and precision of action, uniformity of tension and perfection of seam, simplicity and durability, elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, form and quality of cabinet work and general attractiveness of appearance.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machine. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

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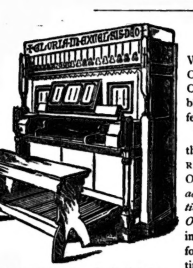
THE VOCALION

The most important and beautiful invention in the Musical World of the Nineteenth Century.



Height, 5 feet 10 inches; Depth, 32 inches; Width, 7 feet.

The Vocalion

Will be found INVALUABLE for Churches, Chancels, Vestries Choral Societies, Musical Assemblies, Conventions, Lodges, Professional and Amateur Organists.

By this remarkable invention, the thin, metallic tone of the REED, as found in the Cabinet Organ and Harmonium (*so inadequate to the proper interpretation of Sacred, Chamber, and Orchestral Music*), is transformed into a FULL, RICH TONE, as found in a Pipe Organ, quite distinct in character, but equally powerful and effective.

THE VOCALION

Is undistinguishable in tone from a richly voiced Pipe Organ.
It is the only substitute for a Pipe Organ.
It costs ONE-HALF the price of a Pipe Organ.
It is played like a Pipe Organ.
It requires little or no tuning.
It occupies but one-tenth to one-fifth the space of a Pipe Organ.
It is moveable without being taken to pieces.
It is manufactured and guaranteed by Messrs. B. B. WARREN & SON, the eminent Organ Builders.

Descriptive Catalogues and Price Lists promptly mailed on application. Orders will be filled in the order of their reception.

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32 King Street West, Toronto

Or their Representatives.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that the annual general meeting of the policy-holders and guarantors of the North American Life Assurance Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Manning Arcade, King Street West, Toronto, Ontario, on

Tuesday, the 29th of January, 1889

At Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the reception of the Annual Report and a statement of the affairs of the Company, the election of directors, and the transactions of all such business as may be done at a general meeting of the Company. Participating policy holders have one vote for each $1,000 of insurance held by them.

WILLIAM McCABE
Managing Director.

January 17, 1889.

Beef Iron & Wine Coca

For Mental & Physical Exhaustion

This preparation has all the well-known tonic and nutritive properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, together with the stimulating effects of Coca Wine. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep; is therefore the best known restorative for convalescents, and is not followed by any evil effects such as languor and depression. Adult Dose—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

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SATCHELS and PURSES

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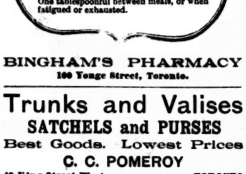
Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.



It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture.

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COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

A VERY ATTRACTIVE ASSORTMENT

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HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Forks, Spoons, Salad Bowls, Fancy Cruets, Marble Clocks, Handsome Vases, Figures, &c.

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FIELD, GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS

Mailed free. Every Farmer and Gardener should have a copy before ordering seeds for the coming season. Handsomest catalogue published in Canada.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WATSON—On January 27, at Huntsville, Mrs. C. A. Watson—a son.

WILEY—On January 26, at Paris, Mrs. Frederick Wiley—a daughter.

BOOTH—On January 28, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Booth, jr.—a son.

CLARKE—On January 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard Clarke—a daughter.

PARTRIDGE—On January 21, at Toronto, Mrs. E. J. Partridge—a daughter.

GEMMILL—On January 27, at Stratford, Mrs. F. A. Gemmill—a son.

VAN NOSTRAND—On January 27, at Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Van Nostrand—a daughter.

COADY—On January 23, at Toronto, Mrs. R. T. Coady—a son.

MACKLEM—On January 25, at Rosedale, Mrs. O. R. Macklem—a son.

SHEPHERD—On January 26, at St. Thomas, Mrs. W. G. Shepherd—a son.

DUDLEY—On January 22, at Toronto, Mrs. T. J. Dudley—a son.

LAVERDURE—On January 25, at Ottawa, Mrs. E. J. Laverdure—a daughter.

LEPARDE—On January 25, at Ottawa, Mrs. George Leparde—a son.

BAIN—On January 23, at Peterborough, Mrs. W. Gibbs Bain—a daughter.

CLARKSON—On January 25, at Toronto, Mrs. G H. Clarkson—a daughter.

WILSON—On January 19, at Toronto, Mrs. H. A. Wilson—a daughter.

WATSON—On January 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Watson—a son.

Marriages.

WESTLAKE—FARQUHAR—On January 7, Dr. H. W. Westlake of Los Angeles, California, to Fannie Farquhar of Toronto.

CRIGHTON—CRAIG—On January 16, at Buffalo, N. Y., Frank C. Crighton to Hypatia N. Craig.

KNOTT—STEPHENS—On January 15, at Norwich, Mr. J. A. Knott of Palmerston, to Miss Emily E. Stephens.

WHITEHEAD—WARD—On January 24, at Montreal, William Thomas Whitehead of Montreal, to Annie Lillian Ward.

WATSON—PHILLIPS—On January 24, at Teston, William Watson of Vaughan, to Miss Hattie Phillips.

HOWITT—CHASE—On January 10, at Oakland, California, Dr. H. O. Howitt to Alice Dudley Chase.

LAING—BENSON—On January 23, at Windsor, Frederick H. Laing to Edith Benson.

PAYNE—METCALFE—On January 23, at Toronto, John A. Payne to Florence Josephine Metcalfe.

Deaths.

BUCKNER—At Southsea, England, Eliza Lydia Buckner aged 79 years.

LAWRANSON—On January 29, at the Monteith House, Rosseau, William Lawrence Lawrason, aged 58 years.

LARKINS—On January 29, at Toronto, Michael Larkins, aged 28 years.

MYERS—On January 29, at Toronto, William Myers, dentist.

WATSON—On January 29, at Toronto, Lizzie McGavin Watson.

DILLON—On January 29, at Toronto, the infant son of Emma J. and R. W. Dillon, M.A., aged 2 months.

NICHOLS—On January 28, at Brooklin, William Nichols, aged 30 years.

FITCH—On January 29, at Toronto, Albert Edward Fitch, aged 15 months.

DROWLEY—On January 26, at Streetsville, Charles Crawford Drowley, aged 6 years.

FALLS—On January 21, at Amherstburg, Alexander Sidney Falls, A.B., T.C.D., Rector of Christ Church, Amherstburg, aged 63 years.

MORRIS—On January 24, at Toronto, Mary Jane Morris, aged 46 years.

STANLEY—At Toronto, Sarah Whessared Stanley, aged 76 years.

TRIPP—On January 24, at Toronto, Charlotte Tripp, aged 22 years.

PHILLIP—On January 27, at Toronto, Sarah Phillip, aged 23 years.

RICHARDS—On January 26, at Ottawa, Sir William Buell Richards, late Chief Justice of Canada, aged 73 years.

STRATHERN—On January 26, at Toronto, James M. Strathern, aged 20 years.

MACDONALD—On January 25, at Toronto, Williamina Macdonald.

REID—On January 26, at Ottawa, Annie M. Henderson Reid, aged 64 years.

WITT—On January 27, at Toronto, Ernest Witt, aged 33 years.

BOYLE—On January 27, at Toronto, James Latham Boyle, aged 10 years.

FORRESTER—On January 25, at Prince Albert, Ont., Ann Brandon Forrester, aged 61 years.

DOLMAGE—On January 27, at Grimsby, Robert Dolmage, aged 68 years.

O'HARA—On January 28, at Toronto, James Arthur O'Hara, aged 2 years.

SMITH—On January 25, at Toronto, Rachel Smith.

PAGE—On January 28, at Toronto, Catharine Harriet Page, aged 15 months.

NASH—On January 26, at Newmarket, Mrs. John Nash, aged 69 years.

PULLEN—On January 28, at Toronto, Levania Pullen, aged 33 years.

UNDERWOOD—On January 21, at New Aberdeen, Geo. Underwood, aged 84 years.

BELCHER—On January 23, at Montreal, Rev. Samuel Belcher, aged 61 years.

DAVIS—On January 25, at Richmond Hill, James M. Davis, aged 76 years.

FARRELL—At North Cayuga, Agnew Patrick Farrell, late Registrar of the County of Haldimand, aged 85 years.

SMITH—On January 22, at Thornton, Ont., Justin Lee Smith, aged 1 year.

MULVIHILL—On January 26, at Toronto, John Mulvihill, aged 27 years.

MCLELAND—On January 23, at Toronto, Annie Isabella McClelland, aged 16 years.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

The invitations are out for a bachelor's ball on Friday evening, February 8. The gentlemen are doing everything to make it a success. A number of invitations have been sent to other places, and guests are expected from Toronto, Hamilton and other neighboring cities.

Mrs. Byrne entertained a few friends last Tuesday evening at a very pleasant dance.

Miss Osborne of Hamilton spent Sunday in town, the guest of Miss Goold.

The Whist Club held their last fortnightly meeting at the residence of Mrs. L. E. Blackadder. There was a large attendance of members, and the usual pleasant evening was spent.

A large party of Brantford people leave next Friday for the Montreal carnival. Among those going are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Waterous, Miss De Long, Miss Christie, Miss Wilkes, Miss Kate Wilkes, Miss Ross, Miss Bunnell and Miss Phillip.

OWEN SOUND.

What might be termed the most enjoyable party of the season took place at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Kilbourn last Friday evening. The house, which is suited in every way for a dance, was entirely thrown open, and the host and hostess aided by their daughter left no stone unturned to enable fully seventy people to enjoy themselves on this occasion. Dancing commenced about a quarter past nine, and was kept up, with the exception of the supper interval, until half past two. The music of this event was a great treat. The Kilbourns, who are an orchestra in themselves, were much appreciated for some excellent selections, and aided by Miss Smith, Miss Doble and Mr. Foster (violin) added much to the pleasure of this pleasant evening. Some very handsome dresses were worn, but space prevents me from mentioning any names. The following is a partial list of the guests: Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Misses Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Wand, Mr. and Mrs. Machaffie, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Misses Parker, Misses Doble, Misses Smith, Miss Notter, Miss Trethewey, Misses Rixon, Miss Glenn-Alraston, Miss Wightman, Miss Stark of Goderich, Miss Jeffery, Miss Tucker, Miss Edgar, Miss Barnhardt, and Messrs. Inglis, Scott, Foster, Tucker, Notter, Bennett, Taylor, McPherson, H. B. Smith, H. E. Smith, Marsland, Kilbourn and Munro.

Miss Grey and Miss Hoy of Port Elgin are the guests of Miss Stephens of Hill street.

Mrs. D. A. Creasor and Miss Creasor, who have gone to Winnipeg for the rest of the winter, are naturally very much missed among society circles here.

The toboggan slides are running in full force, the Park Slide being especially patronized, as I hear of large numbers of our *elite* being present every evening.

There are several parties in view, of which I will give more particulars next week.

BROOKE.

Secret Society Secrets.

Wife (11.30 p.m.)—What's that horrid odor? Smells like alcohol.

Husband—Y-e-s, my dear, we use alcohol at the lodge for initiations. Take some alcohol, light it, put some salt in the flame and it gives a ghastly yellow light; makes folks look like ghosts, you know."

"But that odor comes from your breath."

"Y-e-s, m' dear; in the thirty-seventh degree I personate the chief demon with flames coming from my mouth. I take a mouthful of alcohol and a swallow of salt and then set fire to it. But, 'm dear, you mustn't tell these things. Secret s'ciety secrets very sacred, you know."

Parker says that in America every one gets a mouthful of education, and no one gets a full meal.

BARRETT & CO.

Real Estate and Commercial Exchange

18 YONGE ST. ARCADE

MR. JOS. BARRETT (LATE RITCHIE & BARRET) has opened No. 18 Yonge Street Arcade as a Real Estate and General Exchange. Those desiring to place their properties on the new list should do so immediately, as Mr. Barrett has the very best facilities for effecting rapid sales on the most favorable terms.

$55 PER FOOT—COLLEGE ST., NORTH side, between Shaw and Given.

$50 PER FOOT—CENTRE ROAD, ROSEDALE, 225 feet deep.

$37 PER FOOT—SHAW ST., JUST NORTH of Arthur street.

$25 PER FT.—SPENCER AV., PARKDALE

$25 PER FT.—TYNDALL AV., PARKDALE

$22 PER FOOT—DUNCAN ST., NORTH side, near McDonald.

$6 PER FOOT—ELIZABETH ST., FIVE minutes walk from the Bolt Works, overlooking Humber Bay.

$4600—HOUSE AND LOT, 59 FT. FRONTAGE, No. 8 Windsor street.

$17000—HOUSE AND STABLE, 241 JARVIS street, lot 75 feet on Jarvis street, 72 feet on George, lot 223 feet deep.

$8500—PAIR HOUSES—183 BERNARD AV., every convenience.

$7000—NEW BRICK HOUSE, COR. SHERBOURNE and Linden streets.

$7500—LINDEN STREET—EVERY CONVENIENCE

$22000—THREE STORES, CORNER QUEEN and Fenning streets.

$43000—WILLCOX ST.—BRICK HOUSE, eleven rooms, all modern conveniences; rent 6 until May 1.

VACANT LOTS.

$28 PER FT.—OSSINGTON AV.—48 FEET.

$33 PER FT.—MANNING AV.—100 FEET.

$40 PER FT.—CRAWFORD ST.—100 FEET.

BLOCK OF VACANT LAND AND TWO stores in West Toronto Junction at a bargain.

$25 PER FT.—HAMILTON ST.—100 FEET.

SEVERAL GOOD MARKET GARDENS for sale.

PARTIES WISHING TO START IN BUSINESS will do well to call on me, as I have several stocks of goods for sale.

GOOD TAILORING AND CONFECTIONERY businesses to exchange for real estate. The owners desire relief from business.

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The Storm of '92

By W. H. C. LAWRENCE

A description of the probable war between Canada and the United States in 1892, with a history of the events which led up to it.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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MONTREAL CARNIVAL

AND RETURN

$10.00

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February 2 to February 8

Inclusive, good to return up to and including Feb. 13. Trains will run into our new depot at Montreal, which is just opposite the Ice Palace.

City Offices—110 King Street West, 24 York Street, 56 Yonge Street

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NOTICE. Each Bottle Warranted Equal to any Imported Lager or Ale. Insist on having the genuine O'Keefe's. POUR OUT WITHOUT SEDIMENT

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SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottle. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

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Plush, Toilet and Fancy Boxes

Leather Dressing and Jewelry Cases, Desks, Stationery Cases, Writing Pads Cuffs and Collar Boxes, Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Combs, Etc., also a stock of Fancy Baskets and Christmas Hampers.

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Now in Full Blast

Men's Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats

NOBBY AND NEAT

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(Successor to Goulden & Trorey)

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Ladies' Desks

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FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

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HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

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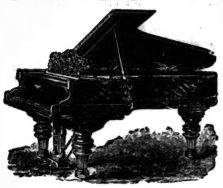

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Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

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